

# NEW YORK Saturday Star A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE (One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year... 3.00.  
Two copies, one year... 5.00.)

No. 142.

## TELL ME.

BY TOM O. TROT.

You sat by my side as we sung in the choir,  
And I looked in your eyes of blue;  
You lit in my heart a bright flame of love—  
Is that what you meant to do?

You walked with me, coming home that night;  
You laughed as I whispered low;  
You stole my heart from my keeping then—  
Is that what you meant to do?

You pressed my hand, as we parted at last,  
And thrilled me through and through;  
You made my heart leap again for joy—  
Is that what you meant to do?

You gave me a kiss—I remember it still—  
‘Twas sweet as the morning dew;  
You made me think of naught else but you—  
Is that what you meant to do?

Perhaps in the time that is coming fast  
I shall find as true as you are true,  
And then as the years glide brightly along,  
I shall know what you meant to do!

## A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND  
KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES,"  
"HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF  
NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VII. BITTER BLOOD.

With a grip of iron Paxton held the now sobered carpenter over the dark waters that rolled so unceasingly beneath the bridge. Hollis grasped the parapet of the bridge with his hands and attempted to pull himself up, but with a single twist of his muscular wrist, Paxton swung him off into empty space again, and held him there as though he were but an infant. Hollis for the first time realized how great a task he had taken upon himself when he had made up his mind to thrash Sinclair Paxton.

"I've half a mind to let you drop," Sinclair repeated, a frown contracting his brows.

"Drop me and be hanged!" growled Hollis, savagely. "I ain't a-going to cry quits yet."

"Are you not satisfied?" demanded Paxton.

"I'll be even with you yet!" cried the carpenter, in defiance.

"You have brought this upon yourself. I wished to avoid a quarrel with you but you would have it, and now I'd let go and drop you into the stream, but that I am not certain as to what is underneath. If I was sure that it was water and not a ledge of rocks, down you should go, for I think that a cold bath would do you good, and perhaps chill your angry passions a little."

"I don't care whether you drop me or not!" growled the carpenter, sullenly.

"No, I do not seek your life, nor do I care to have you lay a broken limb at my door; so just give me your promise that the affair shall end here, and I will land you on the bridge again," Paxton said, calmly.

"I'll see you in flames first!" cried Hollis, in anger. "Do what you like, but blood can only end this thing between us now."

"You idiot!" cried Paxton, suddenly, for the first time betraying traces of anger, and with a swing of his powerful arm he landed Hollis on the bridge, then threw him from him, releasing his grip on his collar.

The carpenter reeled and fell heavily to the floor of the bridge.

Paxton clenched his fists together, and with an angry frown upon his face waited for Hollis to rise.

Slowly, the carpenter rose to his feet, but he evinced no disposition to advance to the attack. He seemed like one dazed by a sudden shock. With an expression of astonishment upon his face, he felt of his neck where a lump had arisen, the mark of Sinclair Paxton's white knuckles.

"Come, I am waiting," Paxton said, impatiently.

Hollis did not reply, but stooped and picked up his coat and proceeded to put it on.

Paxton's lip curled in scorn, and a glint of fire came from his eyes.

"You are satisfied, then?" he asked.

"For the present, yes," Hollis replied, sullenly; but a time will come when I'll get even with you for this night's work. And with this threat, darkly delivered, Hollis strode away.

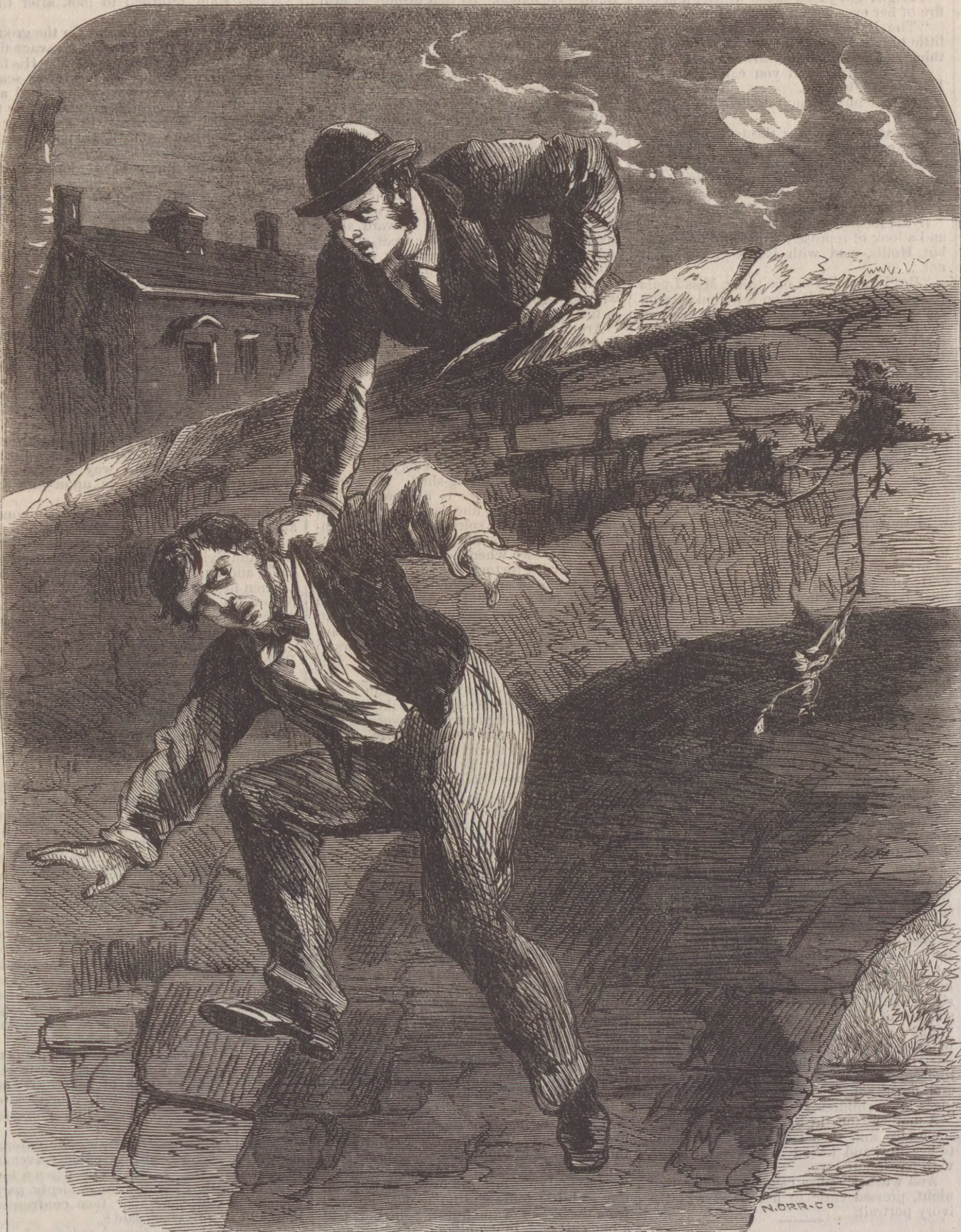
Paxton watched him until he disappeared in the darkness beyond the bridge; a look of utter contempt was upon the face of the victor.

"A bully, and as usual, a coward," he said, quietly. "I must be on my guard against him, though. He means mischief. He will not be apt to measure open strength with me again; now I must look out for low cunning."

With a confident smile upon his handsome face he walked slowly on.

As he left the bridge and came into the gloomy shade of the buildings beyond, he cast a quick and earnest glance around him. He fully expected to see Hollis' form lurking in some dark corner, but he was disappointed; the carpenter had disappeared.

Paxton proceeded directly up the hill and through the village to his home, which was a stately, old-fashioned white house situated on the main street of Saco. For a hundred years or more the Paxtons had lived there; few New England families could trace further back than they.



"I've half a mind to let you drop," Sinclair said, a frown contracting his brows.

In his room, which fronted on the street, Paxton removed his coat, lit a cigar, and sat down by the window.

As he gazed out upon the moonlit street, the cool night breeze, fresh from old ocean and laden with the balm of the sea-wood and the salt spray, sighed and sung with a low and mournful cadence through the leafy branches of the giant elms which adorned the roadside. One face alone appeared before him; forgotten now was the assault upon the bridge; he thought only of the dainty maiden, the mill-girl, Lydia Grame.

Strange was the power which her fascinations exercised over the heart of Sinclair Paxton; yet no boy was he, but a man well tried in life's fiery furnace; one who had loved and lost. Was it fated now that he should love and lose again?

Paxton had not noticed Hollis although he had looked for him after leaving the bridge, yet the carpenter was concealed in a dark corner just beyond the structure.

Quietly and without moving hand or foot, he watched Paxton until he disappeared in the gloom as he ascended the hill. Then, Hollis came from his hiding-place and stood in the street.

The moonlight shone down full upon him. He seemed like a man in a dream. Every now and then he would feel of the lump on his neck, and then look up the hill as though he expected to see the tall figure of Sinclair returning through the gloom.

"Oh, blazes!" he muttered, suddenly awaking from his stupor. "My neck feels as if I had been kicked by a horse. He's more than a match for me, curse him!" and the carpenter glared sullenly around him. Then he turned and walked rapidly across the bridge. He paused in its center and looked down into the darkness underneath. The ripple and splash of the river rolling below, hastening onward to its grave, the sea, came to his ears.

"I've half a mind to jump over!" he cried, savagely. "There's forgetfulness down there. This girl has made me mad. I can almost curse the hour when I first saw

her. This blamed Paxton, too; if I could have only given him a welting, I should have felt better. He's got the training of a prize-fighter. What a fool I am!" he cried, suddenly. "I forgot that he's been a sailor; it's only natural that he should know how to use his fists."

Hollis proceeded onward again with rapid strides. As he left the bridge and ascended the little hill on the Biddeford side, a thought suddenly came to him.

"I'll go and see Lydia at once!" he cried, in his nervous, impulsive way. "I'll ask her right out plain to have me, and if she refuses—"

He paused on the word; a flood of thought rushed through his mind.

To be refused by Lydia was the heaviest blow that could befall him, and yet as he thought the matter over, he could not remember a single action of the girl which should give him hope of a favorable answer to his suit. She had always treated him kindly, yet only as a friend, nothing more.

But drowning men will clutch at straws; few men in love who are not blinded by their passion.

"I'll do it, anyway!" he muttered, as he hastened onward. "She can but say 'no'; and if she does, why that will end the matter, and I'll forget her."

Wise resolution, yet his heart told him that he had uttered a falsehood ere the words had left his lips.

He walked rapidly onward until he reached the street where Lydia's residence was situated. As he turned the corner, his pace slackened. He could plainly hear the beating of his heart as it thumped against his ribs.

With slow and faltering steps, strange contrast to his former reckless rate of speed, he approached the little cottage which held within its humble walls the prettiest girl in all the town.

A gleam of light came from the parlor windows.

Hollis halted, leaned upon the picket fence and looked toward the house. He could plainly distinguish a figure within the

parlor, seated in the rocking-chair near the window. A single glance and he recognized the woman for whom his heart craved. And then his courage failed him. He feared to enter the house.

The girl was sitting quite still, close to the window, apparently in a deep study, for her head rested upon her hand and her eyes were fixed upon the floor in dreamy meditation.

For full five minutes Hollis remained motionless, leaning upon the fence, looking with all the eyes in his head upon the girl.

"What a cursed fool I am," he muttered, irresolutely. "Five minutes' conversation with her and I shall know my fate. Well, I can take my gruel like a man, anyway. But if she refuses me it will be because she cares for this confounded Paxton. Oh!" and he ground his teeth together fiercely, "it will be a long time before I get square with him, I'm afraid."

Lydia lifted up her head suddenly and looked through the window; she saw the man leaning on the fence watching her, and rose as if in alarm.

With abrupt resolution, Hollis opened the gate and entered the garden. Come what may, he would learn his fate before he slept that night.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE QUESTION AND ANSWER.

HOLLIS walked straight forward to the house; 'twas only twenty steps or so. Lydia had recognized him before he had closed the garden gate behind him. She remained motionless by the window. Her quiet face was a blank; neither pleasure nor annoyance at the approach of the young carpenter could be read therein.

"Good-evening, Miss Lydia," Hollis said, doffing his hat and halting at the foot of the steps which led into the house. His salutation and the color came and went in his cheeks; in his heart he thanked the friendly night whose mantle of gloom concealed his agitation.

"Good-evening," Lydia said, in her quiet, gentle way.

The thought flashed instantly through Hollis' mind that she had not asked him to come into the house, and therefore his visit was unwelcome. The augury he drew was an evil one, but still he had worked himself up into such a state of desperation that, even with the feeling that his suit would be rejected, he made bold to press it.

"Do you want a visitor this evening?" he asked, endeavoring to put the question lightly, and trying to force a smile upon his solemn face.

"I am not in a very entertaining mood to-night, I fear," Lydia replied, speaking only the simple truth.

There are none so blind as those who will not see. Again the omens were evil, but reckless, desperate, the carpenter pushed onward.

"For Miss Grame to be unentertaining is, I am sure, an impossibility," he said, courageously; but his daring was not of the kind that, with a smile, leads the Forlorn Hope into the trench raked by the musket-balls; it was rather the courage of the condemned criminal advancing to the gallows. His voice trembled and his heart beat so loud that he felt sure the sound must reach her ears.

But Lydia never noticed his agitation in the least. The thoughts in her mind had small reference to Jediel Hollis, the carpenter. Daisy Brick and Sinclair Paxton—strange contrast!—were the two men most in her mind.

"I ought to thank you for the compliment," she said, absently, "but I am so dull to-night that I am sadly afraid I shall make very poor work of it."

"Has anything happened to annoy you?" Hollis asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" the girl answered, quickly; "you must not think that. A woman, you know, is an unreasoning creature, and is privileged to be dull sometimes without reasons."

"I'll come in and sit down for a few minutes; perhaps I can cheer you up," Hollis said, wondering, too, at his own boldness as he made the speech. But he advanced into the porch and through the entryway into the parlor; his face, though, was white and his heart beat against his ribs with a sledge-hammer thud.

He placed his hat upon the center-table and sat down in a chair close to the window. Lydia had resumed her former seat, from whence she had arisen when her eyes had caught sight of Hollis leaning upon the fence.

With an anxious gaze the carpenter looked into the face of the girl. He saw nothing there to afford him hope.

After Hollis had sat down there was an awkward pause. The desperate lover knew what he wanted to say, but knew not how to say it. Finally he broke the ice, so to term it.

"Have you been out this evening?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

Hollis was well aware of the fact when he asked the question. He had seen her upon the arm of Paxton, coming from the post-office, and it was that circumstance which had heated his rage and inspired him to lay in wait for his fortunate rival.

"It has been very warm to-day," he observed, still at a loss for words.

"Yes," she again replied.

Her answer did not aid him in the least. Again there was a long and awkward silence; then, with desperate resolution, Hollis determined to say what he had come expressly to say.

"Miss Lydia, you and I have known each other some little time now," he said.

The girl opened her eyes in astonishment; she did not understand this strange beginning.

"I have something very particular to say to you, Lydia, and I trust that you will not be offended by my words," he continued, earnestly.

The quick ear of the girl noted the change in the tone of the speaker; she saw, too, the crimson blood mounting into his cheeks and the fiery glint of passion in his eyes. It was the first time he had ever addressed her familiarly as Lydia. She guessed now what was coming; gladly would she have stopped him in his speech, but knew not how; she was on her guard, though, and, like a skillful fencer, sought to break the attack and confuse her adversary by a brilliant "parade."

"Oh, I am sure that so good a friend"—and she laid a very strong emphasis upon the word—"as you have been to me will never say any thing that can possibly offend. By the way, Mr. Hollis, are you going to the picnic next week? I suppose it will be a very enjoyable affair. I hope to be able to go." She never gave him time to reply, but rattled on in a strangely unusual way for her. "Can I trouble you to tell me the time?"

With nervous fingers, Hollis opened his watch.

"Just ten," he said.

"So late!" she exclaimed, in accents of surprise. "It is time for me to think of retiring—early to bed and early to rise, you know," and Lydia rose from her seat; there was something feverish, unreal in her manner. Even Hollis' passion-blinded eyes noticed it.

"I must bid you good-night," she continued, going to the door.

"Stay, Lydia!" cried Hollis, springing to his feet, his cheeks red as fire and the hot blood surging in his veins. "I must



speaking a few words with you before we part to-night."

A long-drawn breath came from between the girl's red lips and then she shut them tightly together.

"Won't to-morrow do?" she said, and there was a pleading, pitiful tone to her voice, a look of anguish in her dark eyes, not unlike that which shines in the orbs of the wounded deer as he tumbles to his knees in the forest glade and hears the knell of doom in the baying of the dogs and the ringing notes of the hunter's horn behind him.

"No, no, to-night!" he cried, impetuously, advancing toward her.

Again the long-drawn breath came from between the scarlet lips, and the heart in her bosom gave a great throb of pain.

"Lydia, I love you!" he cried, passionately.

"No, no, do not say that!" she exclaimed, and extended her hands as though she feared him.

"But it is the truth!" he replied, quickly and with nervous energy. "I feel that I can not live without you. Sleeping or waking, your face is always before me. I can not tell whether you care any thing for me or not, but I care for you, and I must tell you of it. I can not keep the secret any longer. Now you know the truth, and you hold in your hands all my future life."

Earnestly and passionately he pleaded his cause. Love, that before had tied his tongue and made him dull and stupid, now gave him command of a torrent of words.

"Mr. Hollis, I will not attempt to deceive you, nor do I wish you to misunderstand me," Lydia said, her face white and a strange restraint apparent in her manner.

"I will frankly confess that I guessed what you wished to say and tried to keep you from saying it; but, since you have spoken, I must answer you. A love like yours a woman should not trifle with for a single instant. You have always acted like a friend to me, and I have tried my best to-night to avoid giving you pain; but, since you compel me to speak, I can not say aught but the truth."

"You do not love me!" cried Hollis, desperately.

"No, I do not," the girl answered, firmly.

"You can not guess how much pain it gives me to speak this way, but I can not say any thing else. You have forced me to speak the truth, and it is not my fault if it is painful."

"It is your fault, though, that you have made me love you!" exclaimed Hollis, reproachfully.

"Now, you are unjust!" the girl said, slowly, cut to the very quick; "you have no cause to say that. I have never treated you except as a friend. My lover you never have been with my knowledge."

"You might have spoken before," Hollis said, sullenly, resting his elbow on the back of a chair, and his head on his hand.

"Spoken before?" exclaimed Lydia, in amazement; "how could I? How could I tell that you cared any thing for me?"

"Why, I have been paying you attentions ever since you came to Biddeford," Hollis said, gloomily.

"You have been very kind to me, indeed," the girl answered, quickly, "and I thank you for it very much. I trust that I am fully grateful for all the little favors that you have done me."

"I don't want your gratitude; I want your love!" Hollis exclaimed.

"And that I can not give you," the girl said, slowly and sadly.

"And why not?" he demanded, angrily.

"You have no right to ask that question," she answered, quickly.

## CHAPTER IX.

A MADMAN.

HOLLIS raised his head and looked the girl full in the face.

"Well, if you could give me a good reason why you don't care for me, I shouldn't feel so bad about it," he said, using the sulky tone of an overgrown school-boy detected in some breakage of the master's rules.

"Why ask a woman for reasons?" the girl exclaimed, in bitter contempt. "What man ever lived who thought that a woman could reason? That is one of the proud prerogatives of your sex, not of mine."

"Have you any particular objection to me?"

"Have I not spoken painful words enough, already?" Lydia asked, impatiently.

"What if there is something about you that I do not like? Is there any need that I should still further affront you by telling you of it? You have asked a question and received an answer; why not stop now?"

"Because I want to be satisfied," he said, half-angrily.

"I know that you've got some reason for acting this way, and I want to find out what it is. You have always acted as if you did care something for me."

"So do, as a friend," answered the girl, quickly. "Can not you understand that a woman can like a man and yet not love him well enough to marry him? A woman has many likings in her life, but she seldom loves but once."

"What a strange girl you are!" Hollis exclaimed, in wonder; "you talk like a schoolmaster."

"The great world has been my school-room, and want and suffering are hard masters; the lessons they teach are bitter ones, and are not easily forgotten," the girl said, slowly.

"I think that I know one reason why you don't care for me," Hollis said, doggedly.

"Yes?"

"Because people say that I drink; so I do sometimes, but not enough to hurt me."

"Jediel Hollis, if I loved you better than any woman ever loved any man in this world, and should discover that you drank, I would sooner lay down and die than marry you," the girl said, with strange emphasis.

"Well, I should give it up altogether if I married you," he said, rather astonished at her earnestness.

"So many a man has said, and many a girl, trusting to a drunkard's word, has linked herself to a degraded brute. Few men in this world love their wives well enough to give up their pleasures for them," she replied, scornfully.

"And that's the reason that you don't care for me, eh?"

"No, no," she exclaimed, impatiently.

"How many times must I tell you that I have never thought of you as a girl thinks of a man whom she wishes to marry. I like you as a friend, and am grateful for the many little kind acts that you have done, but that is all."

"And you don't love any one else, eh?"

Sharply and abruptly Hollis put the question.

The girl did not start at the question, or betray any sign of emotion, except that her lips shut together tightly for a moment.

"I do not think that I love any one in this world well enough to marry them," she answered, slowly and calmly.

"Not even Jediel Paxton?" Hollis demanded, with bitter accent, all the evil in his nature roused into action at the bare thought of the man, the print of whose knuckles he bore even now beneath his ear.

"I do not understand why you should speak in such a way of Mr. Paxton," she said, slowly, and a troubled look appeared upon her face.

"You don't understand, eh?" he said, deliberately, and with a cruel joy, for he was convinced that at last he had hit upon the true reason why she had rejected his suit.

"No, I do not," and she raised her cold, calm eyes, and looked him full in the face. There was just a little bit of pride apparent in her bearing. "I can not understand why Mr. Paxton, the rich treasurer of the mill, should ever be spoken of in the same breath as the poor mill-hand, Lydia Grane."

"Because all Biddeford says that he is your lover," Hollis replied, bluntly.

The girl got just a shade whiter, and the fire of her eyes became more intense.

"The Biddeford folks must have very little to talk about if they say such a foolish thing as that," she said, slowly.

"It's the truth, and you can't deny it!" Hollis cried, bitterly.

"I shall not attempt to," Lydia replied, calmly.

"I knew that it was the truth," the carpenter exclaimed, in a passion. "I saw the way you hung upon his arm when you were walking with him this evening. I'm no fool, even if I am mad after you. I'm sorry I ain't as rich as Sin Paxton!"

Lydia flushed up just a little at the sneer, and a look of reproach came into her eyes; but Hollis, mad with jealousy, heeded it not.

"But I can tell you one thing, Miss Lydia Grane: when old Deacon Edmund Paxton consents to your marriage with his son, then the devil, who gave old Daddy Emden his money, will come after it, and about that time the world will end."

Reckless and brutal was the speech, and Lydia's blazing eyes told that she felt and resented the insult.

"You have forgotten yourself, sir, and now, never dare to speak to me again!" she exclaimed.

A moment more and Jediel Hollis was alone.

He could hear the rustle of the girl's dress as she ascended the stairs. A vague, wild thought came into his mind to rush after her and beg her to forgive and forget his frantic words, but a stubborn sentiment of pride held him back.

He snatched his hat from the table, jammed it upon his head, and rushed, like a madman, from the house.

Lydia proceeded directly to her own room. On the threshold she paused and listened.

She heard Hollis' frantic rush from the house, heard his steps ringing on the gravel walk and the gate slam behind him.

"He is a coward at heart," she murmured, "else he would never have said what he did."

Satisfied that he had really gone, she proceeded down-stairs again and closed up the house. All the household beside herself had retired.

Then she went up-stairs once more to her snug, cosy little chamber. The room was like its mistress, neat as wax.

Lydia commenced to disrobe for the night. She removed the little jacket she wore, and around her neck appeared a little blue ribbon. As she stood before the glass her eyes caught sight of the ribbon.

With a deep-drawn sigh, she placed her hand upon the tiny band; the ends were concealed in her bosom; slowly she drew them out, and a piece of ivory about the size of a silver dollar came into view. Upon the surface of the ivory was the picture of a young and handsome man, exquisitely painted. The face was a true southern one, dark eyes and hair, the oval, Italian-like countenance, and the impress of fire and dash which the warm southern sun gives to its children.

A moment the girl looked upon the handsome face, and then she carried it rapidly to her lips, and kissed it again and again with passionate love.

And when slumber came upon her that night, pressed close to her heart was the ivory portrait.

After leaving the house, Hollis had hastened down the street at break-neck speed. The very air seemed close and heavy around him. He was mad with rage and passion.

"Oh, that cursed Paxton!" he muttered, frantically, as he rushed wildly onward.

"Oh! I'd give ten years of my life to get even with him! I could get this girl if it wasn't for him. Ten years! I'd give all my life! I swear I'll kill him yet!"

And with the words a terrible scheme came into the brain of the almost crazy carpenter.

He stopped suddenly as if to commune with himself.

"I'll do it!" he muttered—"this very night, too. S'pose he's gone to bed? Tain't likely, for I've seen him smoking there as late as one o'clock. I'll try it any way. I had just as lief be hung as not as long as I kill him!"

Again the carpenter hurried onward. He went straight to his boarding-house.

In his room he lit a match and lighted the lamp which stood on the little stand. Then he opened the drawer of the stand and took out half a dozen leaden bullets which were in one corner. He was careful to take them all.

In one corner of the room was a heavy black walking-stick with a small ivory head. This Hollis took, and then turning the flame of the lamp down quite low, left the room and house.

Straight he went for Saco.

The town reached at last, he hastened with noiseless tread through the main street until he arrived opposite to the Paxton homestead.

A single light appeared in the house; its flame showed through an open window, and by the window, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking, sat Sinclair Paxton, little dreaming of the assassin who lurked so near.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

It is injurious to be in a hurry, and delay is often equally so; he is wise who does every thing in proper time. Tardiness and precipitation are extremes equally to be avoided.

## Death-Notch, the Destroyer;

### OR, THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES, "BOY" SEY, AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "IRONIDES, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

DEATH-NOTCH IN TROUBLE.

AFTER leaving his cabin, Ralph St. Leger made a careful circuit of the hut, then moved out toward the woods. Here he caught sight of a shadowy figure moving away before him. He followed it, for, without a doubt, it was a skulking enemy. It led into the woods, where the darkness was so intense that he was not enabled to follow it otherwise than by sound. But he could hear the footsteps very plain. They were heavy and massive, unlike that of an Indian warrior, yet it was the footsteps of a prowling enemy.

Out some fifty yards in the wood, Ralph was suddenly started by a quick step at his right. He halted. At that instant he hears a "whirr" over his head, then he feels something encircle his form like the folds of a huge serpent. He feels this band drawn suddenly tight. His hands are pinned at his side. He struggles but his efforts only tend to tighten the clasp. He is jerked to his knees, then he is thrown prostrate upon the earth; he is within the coils of a lasso, a captive. A dozen savages close around him, moving hurriedly to and fro, their grim faces aglow with demonic triumph.

The cause of their excitement is readily manifested. Before them stands a white captive, whose hands are bound before him, and the ends of the thongs securely attached to a sapling.

The captive is Ralph St. Leger. His head is bare; he is stripped of every thing but his trousers and hunting-shirt. He is perfectly resigned. There is no look of fear or dejection in his fine dark eyes. He regards the vengeful spirit of his captors differently, and a smile of admiration passes over his face when he sees they are preparing for his torture.

A number of arrow-points are thrust into the fire, and a strong bow got in readiness for use. Then a savage warrior points to these and tells the captive what they are for, and, by mocks and jeers, endeavors to make him show some signs of fear. But the captive only heeds not his words.

"The pale-face is like the young tree against which he stands," said the savage, growing indignant at his success as a mocker; "he hears not the voice of the wind. But when the ax is cut into the bark, it is made to feel. It will wither and die. The pale-face boy shall feel."

The speaker was a young warrior about the age of the captive. He was the child of a chief—was brave and daring, and honored for the scalps he had taken. He was small and slender, yet agile as the panther, and strong as a young lion. As he concluded his threat, the young chief turned, took up a bow, plucked an arrow—whose point was ablaze—from the fire, and applied it to the bow-string.

He then stepped backward, drew the arrow almost to the head, and sent it whirling at the breast of the captive. The barbed and blazing point pierced the hunting-shirt of the captive, who flinched not. The weapon had only passed in until the barbs were concealed behind the shirt, yet it must have punctured the skin, for a little jet of smoke puffed outward, while the shaft of the arrow dropped downward, still clinging within the shirt by its barbs.

The savages watch the face of the captive for some manifest sign of pain, but he never flinches. The features do not relax their firmness of expression.

Another burning arrow was plucked from the fire and shot into the breast of the captive. Little puffs of smoke curl upward from the bosom of the hunting-shirt. It had a pungent odor, not unlike that of burning flesh. Still the captive flinches not, but smiles defiantly in the face of his foes.

Arrow after arrow was shot into his breast, until it bristled with the feathered shafts, and the hunting-shirt was beginning to smoke and crisp with heat. There was something strange—yes, mysterious—in the fortitude of this wonderful boy. He broke into a mocking, defiant laugh.

"Shoot your arrows, you red fiends," he said. "Fill my breast with them. Then they will not burn as my hatred of your accursed race does!"

"Waugh!" exclaimed the young chief. "A bird in a cage will sing sweet, when its heart is sad, and the young pale-face talks brave to conceal the pain that burns within his breast."

"Wild-Wind's tongue is crooked as the serpent's trail," replied the fearless boy.

Wild-Wind, the young chief, sprung toward the captive and dealt him a severe blow upon the head with the bow he held in his hand.

"Let the pale-face feel but half the weight of my arm," replied the insulted chief, "and let him fear me as he would Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter!"

"Wild-Wind is a coward, or he would not strike a helpless prisoner," replied the youthful captive; "he is a weak squaw, a suckling wolf."

Again Wild-Wind dealt him a blow. But this was more than human nature—at least, such a nature as Ralph St. Leger's—could stand. The eyes of the youth flashed with a deadly fire of resentment. The great veins in his neck stood out like cords.

The face became set with a terrible expression. The breast heaved and the arms twitched as with convulsions. The power of Titan seemed infused into the frame of the captive. His arms are pressed gradually apart. His bonds snap in twain, and he stands free before his enemies. But it is only for a moment. Before a savage could move—with the swiftness of a dart, he grasps the shafts of the arrows in his breast with one hand, and tearing them out, hurls them, shafts forward, at the nearest savage. Then seizing a heavy, half-consumed firebrand, he swung it aloft and swept the astounded foe down before him. The end of

the club burst into a flame, and as it swept through the air like a hissing stream of fire, it threw a ghastly light over the features of the now mad avenger.

The red foe regained their feet and pressed hard upon him. Knives were thrust at his breast, but glanced off as though they had come in contact with the breast of a brazen image.

Foremost among the savage combatants is Wild-Wind. But, the eye of Death-Notch has marked him. He pressed toward him; he reaches him; he seizes him in a grasp by the throat that causes his eyes to start and his tongue to protrude. With the other hand he seizes him by the loincloth and raises him above his head, as though he had been a mere child, and with all his strength he dashes him with crushing force into the fire. Then he utters a wild, terrible yell, and with a bound he gains the darkness and freedom of the woods.

Bleeding, blinded and burned, Wild-Wind was dragged from the fire, and he at once slunk away into the forest, while the rest of the warriors bounded away in the pursuit. But the footsteps of the young pale-face were silent as the wind, and the baffled savages soon returned to look after their disabled young chief.

But they found him not. On the ground where he had fallen lay the savage first brained by the terrible firebrand. His face was turned upward; his head was scalped. His right arm was outstretched and raised slightly from the ground, while the index finger was pointing, in a manner as natural as life, to a little tree upon which was cut a fresh notch!

The savages knew at a glance what it meant.

The young Scalp-Hunter had been there!

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

AN AMUSING ADVENTURE.

LITTLE did Fred Travis dream of the eyes that were fixed upon him the moment he left the door of the St. Leger's cabin. But he had scarcely reached the woods when a scream fell upon his ears. It came from the cabin, and he knew the girls must be in trouble, so turning about he ran back to the house. As he neared the door he saw there was no light within, and he heard the excited voices of savages and the terrified screams of Vida and Sylveen.

The brave youth made a dash at the door, but it was blocked with savage forms. He attempted to cut his way through, but in vain. The foe closed in upon him and beat him down.

The next minute he was helpless in bonds, and was compelled to witness, with all the agony his heart could suffer, his adored little Vida and Sylveen Gray conducted from the cabin and hurried away toward the woods.

Then he, too, was compelled to rise and follow his captors away, but in a different direction from that taken by the maidens and their captors.

A few minutes more the little home of Ralph and Vida St. Leger was in flames.

Fred was conducted due northward by about a dozen warriors, who seemed to fear pursuit, and traveled quite rapidly. The shadows of the forest did not deter them in the least in their haste. In fact, darkness was preferable to them, for under its friendly cover they had little to fear.

At daybreak, however, they came to a halt to seek the rest and refreshment that even a savage needs at times. They stopped in a little wooded valley close to the edge of a treeless, shrubless slope of ground that arose gradually several hundred yards, where it again joined the timber. This beautiful opening faced the south, and was covered with a growth of short grass.

Fred was lashed to a tree so that he could sit down, and availing himself of this favor, he leaned his aching head against the tree-trunk, and was soon absorbed in his agonizing reflections.

What a fate had been his! Where now were the Avengers? Where was Death-Notch? And, above all others, where was Vida—his darling little Vida?

As the savages were entirely dependent upon their rifles for food, a warrior was dispatched at once in quest of game. It was their scout. He was a tall, lithe-looking fellow, with an eye of steel and powerful muscles.

Crossing the hillside opening, he entered the deep woods beyond. He had traversed its shadows but a few steps when a low clump of bushes before him suddenly parted, and a white, angular face confronted him, and a gruff voice said:

"Hold on, there, ye durned red vagabone, ye! hold on, I say, or down goes yer meat-house."

Quick as a flash the savage dropped himself upon the ground, thereby bringing a large fallen log between him and this unexpected enemy.

Old Shadow, for he the white man was, was in the act of leaping over the log when he discovered the muzzle of the Indian's rifle, and his dark eye gleaming along the barrel, leveled at his breast. Before he could fire, however, the old hunter dropped himself on the opposite side of the log. In this position they lay as silent as though they had been shot, each one, waiting the movements of the other.

It was rather a novel situation for the two deadly foes, and, as it so happened, neither of them possessed other weapon than a rifle and knife. The former they could not use in their present situation, and the latter was of no use only in a hand-to-hand encounter.

Stratagem was the only expedient. Either one could have sprung to his feet and fled before the other had time to fire, but, where two such foes meet they never turn—where they flinch, before tomahawk or rifle, even were it certain death to stand.

Several minutes passed by. The Indian lay as silent as the log, but the white man became restless and impatient, and finally broke off on his favorite song, "The old hedgehog, etc."

"Ugh!" burst from the savage's lips when he had concluded his song.

"Ye durned red hog," retorted the hunter, "what ye gruntin' at round there? Show yer greasy skin if ye want it punctuated. I'm Old Shadow, old pizen, or old enny thing, and I'll bet a picayune that I kin white a dozen o' ye. Jest show yerself, red-skin; come, trot out, ole hoss, and show yer dirty self."

"Waugh!" replied the savage, indignantly. "Heap much big blow round there. White coward, pale-face dog barkin'."

"Compliment 'ry, thank ye, red-skin," said Old Shadow, maneuvering about so as to get a shot or thrust at the savage, but where he attempted to "peep" over or around at the cunning red-skin, he would see the muzzle of his rifle just coming into view.

The old hunter knew that the savage was possessed of a patience that would keep him there a week, rather than make any risky demonstration. On the other hand, the savage was well aware that the white man would soon grow impatient, and resort to some trick to dislodge him, so he had only to remain on the defensive to insure himself of speedy action and certain victory.

The Sioux had estimated the old hunter's patience and daring rashness by that of the general average of white hunters. In so doing he had underestimated the old hunter's experience.

For some time Old Shadow tried to draw the savage out, so as to enable him to get a shot. The log was entirely too large for him to reach over and fetch the savage with his knife. Once he elevated his cap on his rifle in hopes of drawing the foe's fire, but he raised it half an inch too high, and the savage saw the gun-barrel under it.

"See here, ye cowardly bugger," he at last exclaimed, "if you don't leave over-thar in a jiffy I'll squash the eternals outen ye."

"Ugh! all blow—no do," was the rejoinder.

By tapping slightly upon the log, the old scout found it was hollow, and so, bracing his feet against a small bush, he applied his shoulder to the log, and, with a desperate effort, succeeded in rolling it toward the Indian. He had hoped by so doing to roll it on the savage, but he was too cunning to be caught thus, and retreated as the log advanced, yet kept himself in the same position behind the log.

The old hunter managed to roll the log out into the opening that sloped downward to the Indian camp. Here the savage contrived to stop it.

They were now within fair view of the Indian camp, which was not over three hundred yards away. The savage could easily have called friends to his assistance; but, as he was contending with but a single foe, such an act would have been a mark of cowardice, in an Indian's view of the case.

Old Shadow was fully aware of his close proximity to the enemy's camp, and he knew, if they discovered their friend's situation, curiosity would bring them there at once. Consequently, he knew he would have to bring matters to a speedy termination. But how was he to do it? He had, so far, found the savage ready for any emergency.

However, a thought soon struck him, bringing a smile to his knotty face, and, as he proceeded to carry it into execution, he began humming his favorite song.

He cut a long, tough switch that was within reach of him, and with his knife in one hand and the rod in the other, he was ready for work.

"See here, Ingin, 'round thar," he said, "arn't ye git'in' a leetle tired o' yer sitchu-ashun?"

A grunt was the only response.

"Say, red-dy," continued the scout, "talk up like a little man. You've tasted whisky, hain't ye? Now, tell me if, when ye war a boy, yer dad ever treated ye to hickory ile."

"Ugh!" was the only response. But it was enough. It told the old scout exactly where he was lying.

"Now, look sharp, ye nasty beast; I'm goin' to tan yer jacket for ye."

As he concluded, he raised the switch aloft and brought it down over the log with all his power. Being tough and pliable, it lapped easily around the log, and, being of sufficient length, its end came down across the naked back of the red-skin with such stinging force, that it caused him to faintly bemoan, and forced him to cry from his lips. The savage knew not from whence the blow came, and, for an instant he grappled, with staring eyes, at an imaginary foe.

The old hunter followed up with another blow that forced a genuine yell from the savage's lips.

He knew now from whence they came.

"I know it's orful ticklish, red-skin, but ye'll have to take it, or shin out. Ye're a



was the face of Death-Notch—Ralph St. Leger!

## CHAPTER XXX.

## FRED MEETS HIS FRIENDS.

The finger of the young Scout-Hunter was upon his lips, significant of silence. Fred saw at once what he meant, yet it seemed a miracle that he could have been carried there alive without being mangled and bruised against the sides of the log. But he saw that the hollow was small—that his body filled it so closely that it could not be dashed against the sides, but had turned with the log.

After he had recovered from the blinding dizziness, consequent on being whirled around and around so often and rapidly, he began an examination of his situation. The first thing he saw was Fred, and at once made his presence known in the manner already described.

When he was sure Fred understood his intentions, he drew his knife, and, reaching out, severed his bonds. Then he glided from the log and the next instant the two passed into the woods, and not until they were out of gun-shot did the savages realize the state of affairs in the rear. A few of them gave chase, but, by a circuitous course, the fugitives reached the timber at the summit of the hill, and were there joined by the Avengers.

Great was the joy of these youths on their reunion with their young captain, whom they had given up as dead.

Fred introduced Ralph St. Leger to his friends, but said nothing of his being Death-Notch. But, from Omaha's actions, Fred mistrusted that his suspicions were aroused.

The Friendly and Old Shadow were deployed as scouts to watch the movements of the enemy in the valley below, and after Fred and his companions had compared notes, and talked over their adventures since the night of the storm, Ralph took him aside and said:

"It is useless, Fred, to presume that you do not know the fate of Vida and Sylvain."

A sigh of intense agony escaped Fred's lips.

"Yes, Ralph," he said, "I saw them carried away before my eyes, and I was helpless in the red demons' power—helpless as a child. It is agony, torturing agony, to think about it."

"Why is it, Fred?"

"Why is it?" repeated Fred, startled by the tone of Ralph's voice.

"Yes, why is it agony to you? I know Vida was a stranger to you before you came to our cabin, but perhaps Sylvain Gray—"

"I admit, Ralph, your sister's existence was unknown to me before the day she saved my life, but without her existence now, life to me will be an agony."

"You love her, then?"

"I do, Ralph; I love her as no man ever loved a woman before."

"You may think so; but did you confess your love to her?"

"I did."

"And tried to win her affections from me—her only friend?"

"No, no, Ralph; God forbid! I could not help loving her, and my love is reciprocated."

"Fred," and the young Scout-Hunter's voice was low and half choked, "I would do nothing to make you and Vida miserable. But she is young, and did I believe there was a tinge of deception in your heart—that you were deceiving her—I would shoot you dead. But I have a better opinion of you, Fred, and now you have only to prove that you love Vida as you say, by hazarding every thing for her rescue."

"That will I do, even with my life," replied Travis.

"And I will ever be by your side, Fred; for as you love Vida, so I love Sylvain Gray."

"Together, then, we follow the foe, and you shall lead the Avengers, if you so desire."

"No, Travis; you are their chosen leader. Lead on, and I will render you every assistance I can. Of course the girls have been carried to the Indian village, and we will have to hasten there and do the best we can toward their release."

Here the conversation ended, and the two youths joined the Avengers, to whom Fred made known the fact that Ralph St. Leger would accompany them on their journey to the Indian village.

At a signal from the young captain, Omaha and Old Shadow came in, when a general understanding was had all around. Fred Travis was to lead as captain of the band.

The party now numbered ten, and with the exception of Old Shadow, were all young, active and brave; but, where the old hunter was wanting in youth, he excelled in bravery and experience.

The savages in the valley were soon seen to be moving away into the forest, evidently trying to elude the Avengers. But the latter had no desire to follow them. Their anxiety for the rescue of those of their friends who might be captives at the village set aside all offensive measures.

So the little band took up their line of march northward. Omaha and Old Shadow were deployed as scouts, while Ralph St. Leger acted in the capacity of guide, for to him every foot of that forest was familiar.

They pressed on quite rapidly, and when the shadows of evening began to fall, they found themselves within five miles of the Sioux village.

Again they came to a halt. Scouts were sent out toward the town to reconnoiter the situation, and calculate the chances of rescuing the prisoners.

Omaha and Old Shadow were the scouts sent forward, but soon after their departure, Ralph went too. It was dark—pitchy dark—when the two scouts came in sight of the town. A hundred camp-fires marked the location of the place, and showed our two friends the round, conical lodges, and the dusky forms of warriors stalking about, or standing before the fire, like bronzed statues. In the background were hatched a number of ponies, bridled as if for instant use.

The two scouts decided to separate, with the intention of making a circuit of the encampment, each one making half the round. They were to meet at a designated spot on the opposite side of the town, compare notes, and report at once to the band.

Old Shadow went around to the left of the village, and with his usual daring, he moved rapidly and skillfully on, yet he was compelled more than once to conceal himself to elude discovery by the sha-

dow forms of Indian scouts that he saw stalking about through the night.

He pressed on, and finally came to a little wooded dell that caused him to make an abrupt detour to the left. It carried him over a mile from the town, and at the point where he would pass around the head of the dell was a little glade through which he would have to pass. He entered it without hesitation and pressed toward the opposite side. Just then a dark figure sprang from a clump of bushes and seized him by the throat.

It was a savage warrior of giant proportions and herculean strength.

The wiry old trapper struggled desperately for freedom, but he was no match for the powerful warrior, who had possessed himself of every advantage at the beginning.

With both hands gripped upon his throat, the giant savage held the old trapper at arm's length and pressed his fingers gradually tighter upon his jugular.

Old Shadow saw that all was up with him. He was being strangled to death, and every movement of his body added to his pain. He grew weaker each moment. His eyes started from his sockets and his tongue from his mouth.

A purple haze was gathering before his eyes. Feebly he clutched at the arm of the savage, who now seemed magnified into a being of colossal stature.

To the old scout the dark belt of timber around the glade seemed spinning around and around. Direful sounds—screaking demons and wailing winds rushed athwart the night. And from the borders of darkness—the woods—he saw a dark, shaggy form appear. It came with a lumbering gait.

Two eyes of fire gleamed from the shaggy mass like the eyes of doom. The moonbeams falling upon it gave it a weird and terrible appearance. But there is still life enough left for Old Shadow to see what it is. A huge black bear.

The bear is wounded. He is mad. Froth and blood are dripping from his mouth and nostrils. The feathered shaft of an arrow protrudes from his side.

He comes on toward the combatants. Old Shadow can see him, but the Indian can not. His back is toward it.

The bear approaches and rears upon his haunches behind the savage. He reaches out with his fore arms and grasps the savage in a deadly hug, and buries his white, glittering fangs in his naked shoulder. Old Shadow is saved!

A shriek burst from the lips of the savage. He relinquished his hold upon the old hunter's throat and attempted to turn upon his new adversary. But he could not. The beast held him in a more powerful embrace than he held the old hunter. Together they rolled to the earth.

Old Shadow gasped for breath, and staggering, fell to the earth. He soon regained his strength and breath, however, and rising to his feet, exclaimed:

"Whew! that's better. But, damn the bear, he come nigh beatin' too late, the lazy, pokin' lummi. Go in there, on yer muscle, ole bear! Pm in a hurry and can't stay any longer foolin' round here. Squeeze the damned varlet's carcass till his eyes bung out, ole bear, but I'll leave my credit's good, so I will, by gum."

The old scout picked up his rifle, and turning, left the bear and savage down in their death-struggles, and hurrying across the opening, plunged into the dark, green wood beyond.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 136.)

## A Slight Mistake.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

"THERE'S one thing I'd like to know," Ned Fenwick said to himself, as he passed down the steps of the Graham mansion, one evening after having passed an hour or two inside its hospitable walls. "And that is, if Bessie Graham cares anything for me. I can't get a chance to ask her about it, because there are so many around, and if I had the best chance in the world, I can't know as I should dare to say any thing. If I only knew she cared a little for me—but I don't! I can't understand these women. If she'd only say something that would give me a chance to understand how the land lies, I'd know better what to do; but now I'm sure I don't know what to do. It can't be very pleasant for a fellow to have a girl tell him 'ho,' plump and square, and I suppose she'll never tell him yes till he gives her a chance to. I wonder if I couldn't write a proposal? Of course I could, and I'll do it. I wonder never thought of that plan before!" and having struck upon this satisfactory method of proposing marriage, he lighted a cigar and walked homeward, his feelings considerably relieved.

"I really thought Ned was going to propose to you to-night, when he asked you to show him that new lily in the conservatory," said Lettie Graham, to her sister Bessie, as they took down their hair preparatory to going to bed, and sat before the fire, combing it out. "He looked just so, I'm sure," said Lettie, with an arch glance into her sister's face, which had grown rosy in the firelight. "Come, Bessie, tell me all about it, for you know I'm dying to know what he said when he asked you to be Mrs. Fenwick."

"He didn't ask me to be Mrs. Fenwick," said Bessie, curtly. "I don't know as he ever intends to, and if he did, I'm not sure I should say yes to it. Men are such ninny-

"You'll have to encourage the poor fellow to propose, or he'll never dare to ask you the awful question," laughed Lettie, partly at the idea of Ned's bashfulness, and partly at Bessie's vexation. "I could see that he was aching to know what to say and how to say it to-night, and I really thought he had 'screwed his courage to the sticking point,' when you went to the conservatory. I saw mother wink at pa, and I'm sure they thought so, too. I don't see why men are so afraid of themselves, or so poor women—which is it?"

"If he waits till I encourage him to propose, he'll wait a good while," declared Bessie, giving the comb a jerk through a snarl in her hair. "If he does care any thing for me, he might say so, I think, and not dally round in this style. I did think, myself," she said, becoming confidential, "that he was going to propose to me to-night, but he never said a word till we got to the conservatory, and I showed him the lily. Then he said something about what a pretty flower it was, and then was silent for as much as a minute, and I thought the question was coming; but—would you be-

lieve it?—he asked me if lilies were not good for some kind of a poultice! He said his grandmother used to use them for that purpose, he believed! I declare, I had hard work to keep from laughing in his face, for all I was so vexed. The idea of proposals and poultices seemed so ludicrous, and Bessie laughed again and again at the remembrance of poor Ned's very unromantic remark."

"Perhaps he wanted to suggest the idea that you should make a poultice for his wounded heart," said Lettie.

"Like enough," answered Bessie. "But I'm sleepy, and am going to bed."

The next day Ned Fenwick sat himself down to the task of writing a proposal of marriage to Bessie Graham.

"Dear Bessie," he began, but tore that sheet up immediately, as "Dear Bessie" seemed almost too familiar, considering the fact that he was not certain whether that young lady would allow him to call her by that endearing name. Then he wrote "Miss Bessie," and "Miss Graham," but neither suited him. At last he decided on "Miss Elizabeth," as being at the same time respectful and dignified.

It was a difficult matter to express his ideas as he wished to; but at last he succeeded in inditing an epistle which seemed to him as near what he was trying to say as any thing he was likely to get, if he kept on trying for a week.

He wrote: "MISS ELIZABETH:—Having loved you for a long time, but not having had a chance to tell you so, and wishing to bring suspense to an end, I take this method of making you aware of the state of my feelings, and ask you to be my wife. Should you consider my proposal in a favorable light, please let me know by the same method I have employed in making you aware of my regard for you. If it should be 'yes' that you write, I will call at once and speak with Mr. Graham. Yours, devotedly, 'EDWARD FENWICK.'"

"There," said Ned, folding the epistle, and writing "Miss Elizabeth Graham" on an envelope, in his best style. "I've done my best! If she only says 'yes'!"

Here's a letter for "Miss Elizabeth Graham," said Rosa, the younger of the three Graham sisters, as she brought up the mail which the postman had just delivered. "That's your aunt Elizabeth. I wonder who wrote it?"

Miss Elizabeth Graham, spinster, took the letter without deigning her mischievous niece any answer, and retired to her room to read it. Letters seldom sought her out, and the receipt of one by her was quite a sensation in the Graham family. She was thirty, and had been for the last ten years, and bade fair to remain a stationary object, while time rolled on for ten years more.

She opened the letter and read it through with breathless wonder, once, twice. At first intense surprise, then a beatific expression came into her face.

"At last!" she murmured. "At last love's white dove has come to nestle in this breast of mine. Ah, me! I knew I knew!"

"What did you know?" saucily inquired Rosa, who had a great curiosity to know who her aunt's letter was from, and had come up unobserved, and thrust her head through the opening in the door without being enabled thereby to see the contents of the letter.

"Impertinent girl!" said Miss Elizabeth, sternly. "It does not concern you as to what I knew or what I didn't know. But oh, Rosamond!"—growing suddenly tender—"if you only knew what I know now!" waving the letter at this stage of her speech like a banner of victory. "Some time your young heart may know the blissful emotions mine is knowing, and then, oh, then, you will know just how I felt when I read this letter from one who—"

Here Miss Elizabeth stopped with an evident desire to blush, but failed to accomplish that desire.

Rosa giggled.

"I can overlook your levity on this important occasion," said Miss Elizabeth, loftily, "because you could not be expected to enter into the spirit of it, even if you knew what had transpired and what is about to take place. Will you tell your father I wish to see him?"

Rosa ran off in search of her father, but took the opportunity of relating her aunt's communication to Bessie and Lettie, imitating her gestures, looks and tone so cleverly that they had to laugh till they cried, before she delivered her message to Mr. Graham.

"I wonder what under the sun she can mean?" said Bessie. "It can't be she thinks of getting married!"

"Of course not," said Lettie, decidedly. "She hasn't had attentions from any man since I can remember, and I don't know as she ever did, for that matter."

"I guess she is going to be married," said Rosa. "If you could have heard her say, 'If you only knew what I know, now! Some time your young heart may know the blissful emotion that mine is knowing, and then, oh, then, you will know just how I felt when I read this letter from one who—'"

And then she stopped, but I thought she was going to say one who loved her. She looked for all the world as if she had the toothache. But I must go and tell pa that he's wanted, and then I'm going to listen at the keyhole. See if I don't find out what's up! If I do, I'll come and tell you," and Rosa was off.

In obedience to the summons, Mr. Graham repaired to his sister's room, and true to her declared intention, Rosa proceeded to establish herself at the keyhole.

"I have received a letter this morning," said Miss Elizabeth, as Mr. Graham seated himself, "which informs me that a young man, whom you well know, desires me for his wife. I can say, and truly, that I return his affection. He wishes me to let him know my decision, and if it is favorable, he will call and consult with you."

"Are you in earnest, Elizabeth?" inquired Mr. Graham, evidently in much surprise at the communication.

"Of course I am," answered Miss Elizabeth. "There is the letter. You can read it."

Mr. Graham read the letter through, carefully.

"Ned Fenwick!" he ejaculated. "Why,

good gracious, Elizabeth, you are old enough to be his mother!"

"Edward—Mr. Fenwick perhaps I should say," said Miss Elizabeth, with dignity, "evidently considers me of a suitable age for his partner for life. Love is not apt to stand aside for a slight disparity in years. At any rate, not such a love as ours." Here Miss Elizabeth dropped her very pale blue eyes, with another vain attempt at a blush, then rolled them up at the ceiling in another beatific expression, and clasped her hands upon her bosom.

Rosa, peeping through the key-hole, thought she would betray herself by the struggle she underwent to keep from laughing. As it was, she nearly choked.

"I'm surprised," said Mr. Graham. "I declare I am, because I had thought that he intended to—"

"But no matter. If Mr. Fenwick and you can come to an agreement, I have nothing to say, as it does not concern me. You are your own mistress—old enough to be, at any rate," added Mr. Graham; but Miss Elizabeth was too much absorbed in love's young dream to take any notice of what he said.

Rosa carried her budget of news directly to her sisters.

"Would you believe?" she began. "Ned Fenwick has actually proposed to aunt Elizabeth, and she's going to accept him. He's coming round soon to see pa about it."

"Don't tell any more of that kind," said Lettie. "Of course you don't expect us to believe it."

"But I do," asserted Rosa, in dead earnest. "I read Ned Fenwick's name on the letter when father was reading it, and if you don't believe what I tell you, you'll have to by-and-by, because it's really so, and you'll find out. There's pa now, coming downstairs. Ask him, if you don't believe me."

"I will," said Lettie, going to the door. "Father Rosa says Ned Fenwick has proposed to aunt Elizabeth. Is it so?"

"Yes, it is so," answered Mr. Graham, looking somewhat amused and thoroughly provoked. "But I can't see how Rosa found it out. I'm afraid there was mischief abroad," he added, pulling Rosa's ears. Rosa clasped her hands, rolled her eyes, first down, then up, smpered, and then, in Miss Elizabeth's exact tones, said, slowly:

"Love is not apt to stand aside for a slight disparity in years. At any rate, such a love as ours."

Mr. Graham and Lettie laughed, and Rosa sat down on the stairs and gave vent to some of her pent-up merriment.

Bessie got up to leave the room, pale, and ready to cry.

"Don't care any thing about it, dear," Mr. Graham said, as he kissed her. "I don't understand it at all, I confess, for I really thought he came here to see my daughter, instead of my sister," a smile disturbing the shadow that had crept over his face at sight of Bessie's distress. "But if we were mistaken, we must try to get over it and accept matters with the best grace we can."

"I never want to see him again," cried Bessie, bursting into tears. "I never did care much for him, anyway; but to think I've been such a fool!"

After which somewhat incoherent statement, she ran up stairs, and was seen no more for some hours.

Ned Fenwick received that afternoon an epistle in a little envelope, covered all over with little Cupids on beds of roses, feeding little white doves, and little Cupids swinging on imaginary scrambling vines, and little Cupids tugging at very sharp arrows, which had transfixed two very plump, healthy-looking hearts.

"I guess it is favorable," he said, as he inspected the envelope, hesitating to open what must be to him a message of woe or woe. "I'll see," and he tore it open and found a very thin sheet of very small paper inside, smelling strongly of bergamot.

"That reminds me of Bessie's aunt," he said, as a whiff of the perfume saluted his nostrils. "She always uses it. I thought Bessie used extract of violets."

The letter read:

"DEAR EDWARD: Your note is before me. Language fails me when I would write upon this paper my feelings and love for you. I can not do it. My heart flutters so that I can hardly guide my pen. It is like a bird that hears the call of its mate. My bosom thrills at thoughts of you. My heart is yours, dear Edward, all yours, and when I lay my head upon your manly breast, and feel your lips upon my lips, then, and not till then, shall I fully realize the bliss that has so suddenly and unexpectedly come to me. Ever your own, ELIZABETH GRAHAM."

"P. S. Come to-night; I shall expect you."

It seems to me that that is about the same thing as an acceptance of my proposal," said Ned, very much relieved and highly delighted. "It's a trifle too sentimental, though, but women are given to being sentimental. I suppose, I can't imagine what she means by its being unexpected. She must have seen this long time back that I loved her, and wanted to tell her so, only I couldn't muster up enough courage to do it. However, it's all right, and I'm glad the worst is over. I must go round to-night and see the old gent, and talk it over with Bessie."

Just as dusk was setting in, Miss Elizabeth descended to the afternoon parlor in the glory of a new silk dress of a very lively shade of blue, with white rosebuds arranged stiffly in her quivering ringlets. She had an idea that the occasion demanded an extra effort in this direction, and felt herself equal to it. There she sat, very erect and firm, with the "why-don't-he-come" look of younger maidens expressed very forcibly upon her sorrow face; the beatific expression of her eyes was enhanced a little by the effect of a red spot on either cheek, which Rosa, concluded was rouge, but which the poetical minded Miss Elizabeth hoped would be taken as the effect of the new and sweet excitement which was stirring in her youthful breast.

"If any one calls for me, tell them I'm in here," said Miss Elizabeth to Rosa, who had insinuated herself into the parlor. "I expect a visitor, and, oh, Rosamond," growing pathetic, "I hope you may know the happiness that I have felt to-day at some time in your life. It is so sweet, so tender! I have a feeling here—"

"Does it hurt you much?" interrupted Rosa, saucily her sides shaking with her suppressed laughter.

But Miss Elizabeth had a soul above such petty remarks.

"I have a feeling here," putting her hand upon the region of her heart, "that I think comes only once in life to a confiding woman. There's the bell, Rosamond," suddenly exclaimed Miss Elizabeth. "See if my collar is straight, and run right down."

Rosa gave a look at the collar, and ran to the door and admitted Ned Fenwick.

"Good-evening, Rosa," he said, as he entered, and began to draw off his gloves.

"Good-evening, uncle Ned," responded Rosa, very demurely. "She's in there," pointing to the parlor. "She expects you, and she's got the awfulest feeling here," laying her hands upon her bosom, and bursting into a peal of noisy laughter.

"Oh! but it's folly," and Rosa was off to leave the wondering young gentleman to his fate.

He opened the parlor door, and in the half-twilight some one came toward him. The firelight was directly before his eyes, and blinded him. But, not dreaming that the occupant of the room was anybody but Bessie, he held out his arms, and something fell into them, which felt like a skeleton, as he folded them about it.

"Oh, Edward, dear Edward," said a voice, which was evidently intended to be soft and tender, but seemed rather the result of an attempt to speak when its owner was attacked with influenza, "this is the happiest moment of my whole life."

"If it isn't the old maid," exclaimed Ned, in an inaudible voice. "She must be overjoyed at the prospect of having me for a nephew. She's remarkably demonstrative, at any rate."

"Since I became aware of the state of your feelings, my heart has seemed to be full of music, and the world has grown strangely fair," Miss Elizabeth motioned him to a seat upon the sofa beside her, and he was too bewildered to decline the invitation, and sat down.

"As I wrote to you, my heart is yours, all yours, and when your arms were around me I felt that my dream of love had found its realization," Miss Elizabeth put her bony hand in his in an eminently confiding way, and cast down her pale blue eyes in sudden confusion, as she deemed it proper for a young lady to.

"Some misunderstanding," began Ned. "No! no!" declared Miss Elizabeth. "There shall be no misunderstanding between us. We will bear with each other as loving hearts should do. No, no, dear Edward, there shall be no misunderstandings between us."

"It seems to me there is one now," said Ned, wondering if the ancient damsel at his side was crazy. "I don't very clearly comprehend what you are talking about."

"About our marriage," explained Miss Elizabeth, with a movement that indicated she had some intention of falling into his arms again, and from which demonstration he succeeded in escaping just in time, by getting up.

"Our marriage!" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid—Miss Elizabeth—"

"Call me Elizabeth," fondly suggested the love-lorn maiden, lifting her pale eyes to his face, in a tender, appealing glance.

"I don't want to call you Elizabeth," answered Ned, getting disgusted. "I was going to say that I didn't know what you meant by talking about our marriage. If you wait till I marry you, I'm afraid you'll be older than you are now. What ever put such an idea in your head I can't imagine. I never did, I'm sure. I want to marry your niece, but you—please excuse me, Miss Elizabeth, but I'd rather not."

"Oh!" shrieked Miss Elizabeth. "And you wrote to me that you wanted I should be your wife, and I trusted in you, believing you meant what you said. Oh! the faithlessness of man! Oh! my poor heart! It were better to die than be thus deceived. But unsuspecting innocence must ever fall a prey to man's heartlessness. Oh! oh!"

Miss Elizabeth drooped toward him, and assumed the aspect of a wilted flower. She reached out her long arms, and made as though she was about to fall upon his breast.

Ned feared she was going to faint. He ran to the door and called for help. There was a noise of hurrying feet, and the whole family, with the exception of Bessie, came into the parlor, wondering what had happened, that assistance should be needed.

"I thought she acted faint," said Ned, pointing to Miss Elizabeth, who had covered her face with her handkerchief. "She seems to have got the idea into her head that I wanted to marry her, and says I wrote to her asking her to be my wife. I never wrote a word to her in my life. I did write to Bessie, and here is the letter I received in reply," added Ned, producing a sheet of pink note-paper.

"There must have been a mistake," said Mr. Graham. "I read your letter to Elizabeth, though, so I don't see how there could have been a mistake, after all. Oh," with a sudden illumination of the truth dawning upon him, "you meant your letter for Bessie, and I showed it to Elizabeth Graham, thinking that Bessie's name was Elizabeth. That's the way of it. Bessie's name is Bessie, and nothing else. Consequently it got to Elizabeth, and that caused the mistake all around."

"I never thought of her getting it," cried Ned, with a glance at Miss Elizabeth. "I never thought of her at all. If I had, I should have remembered that her name was Elizabeth, and would have known that she stood as good a chance of receiving my letter as Bessie, whose name I really thought was Elizabeth."

"Next time you better not send a proposal by letter," remarked Rosa, slyly. "You've broke aunt Elizabeth's heart, and I shan't have you for an uncle after all."

"Where is Bessie?" asked Ned. "I wonder what she thinks of me."

"She's in the sitting-room up-stairs," said Mrs. Graham; "you can go up if you want to."

"And tell her," called Rosa after him, "to be resigned to the loss of her uncle that was to be. No great loss without small gain, they say, and if she loses an uncle, maybe she'll gain a husband. That's small gain enough, I should think," added the irrepressible Rosa.

Miss Elizabeth took her blasted hopes up stairs, and it was some time before her wounded heart was well enough to trust itself in society. But, gradually it grew resigned, and Miss Elizabeth is to-day an advocate for woman's rights. When they are secured, she hopes for "unutterable things."

Bessie took Rosa's advice, and made up the loss of an uncle by taking a husband. Ned never will hear the last of his mistake. Rosa often recites the story of aunt Elizabeth's fond dream, so brief, "so sweet," and the "feelings" that were hers for one short day, and tells him of the heart that beat "for him, and him alone." And, thinking of it, he laughs sometimes until his sides are sore.

There are eyes which, when we gaze at them, look as if they were reading us by the light of some dreadful torch.



## Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Dominion of Wales. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

**Terms to Subscribers:**  
One copy, four months \$1.00  
Two copies, one year 2.00  
In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.  
Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.  
Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepay postage.  
All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:  
READER AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

### THE POWERFUL AND BRILLIANT Romance of Two Lives,

BY OUR POPULAR CONTRIBUTOR,

MR. A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

WILL BE COMMENCED IN

The Next Issue of The Saturday Journal,

VIZ.:

### IRON AND GOLD;

OR,

### The Night-hawks of St. Louis.

A concentration of most singular events is involved in this story of the Western Metropolis, some of whose peculiar characters are photographed literally, to the life.

A "Queen of Hearts" is equally a Queen of a Burglars' Band; and playing two roles she leads a life of amazing novelty.

A contrast and foil to this beautiful but perverse woman is another equally beautiful, but pure and self-sacrificing to a degree which makes her, after all, the real heroine.

A doctor, skillful and powerful, is yet one of Satan's own in his machinations; but, on his trail is one who is not to be baffled—a father looking for his lost darlings.

The burglars are not all bad, for they perform a service which atones for many a crime—a part which even the worst men sometimes are proud to play as protectors of innocence.

The author handles strong characters with a firm hand, and even when he deals with those essentially bad his presentation of them is unexceptionable. Hence, his stories are deservedly popular with those who demand not only what is strongly dramatic but is essentially pure and rational.

### Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Is it true, asks one of our best authors, that brain-work is exhausting, and demands special nutriment for the system to stand the strain? We answer that, we are told by those who profess to know that, according to careful estimates and analyses of the excretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers, therefore, require more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers, if there is any truth in the laws of animal absorption and recuperation. But one thing must ever be borne in mind: no process of stomach feeding can restore a vitally exhausted by constant overwork, because, with the exhaustion also comes a want of power to assimilate food, in which case over-feeding, or rich aliment produces dyspepsia and distaste for all strong food. Keep both body and mind in sound condition by proper exercise and recreation, if you would hold out as a mental worker.

Elsewhere we answer a query, as to the proper time of service to learn a trade. Let us here add: the great fault now apparent in the trades is the general laxity of the apprenticeship system. Young men essay to follow the trade of carpenter, mason, plasterer, upholsterer, printer, cabinet-maker, painter, jeweler, frescoer, plumber, tinner, etc., etc., with only a brief service as apprentices and the result is a great deterioration in the quality of work and the efficiency of workmen. This evil—for such it confessedly is—is partially remedied, at present, by the immense influx of skilled mechanics from the Old World; but, after awhile, even that supply must come far short of the demand here for skilled labor, and we can but then turn to our own mechanics and say revise your apprenticeship system or the trades will fall into disrepute. The way to elevate any calling is to do such excellent work as to make people admire it and envy the worker his skill and efficiency. One good mechanic, whose work all persons are pleased with, does more to "elevate" his profession than a dozen orators or essayists.

**A Pocket Piece.**—A contemporary says the senior editor of the good old New York Observer laid the foundation of his fame as a writer by a single article, which he was persuaded to rewrite and condense two or three times after he had offered it for publication, and which, thus prepared, was copied all over the country. The success that followed the good advice given him induces Doctor Prime to do for others what some one did for him—give honest advice to all who propose to write for the press, and this is what the Doctor says:

"Omit the beginning of your essay. Most writers, not accustomed to the press, imagine that a newspaper article, like an oration, should have an exordium, an argument, and a conclusion. Not at all. The argument is all that is wanted. That is, state your case, say your say, and stop. Do not take time and space to get into the subject, and more to get out of it; but come to it instantly, and stop when you are done."

Apply this to story-writing and you have the

rule—omit all "palaver" and go right at your work, to tell the story in the most direct and intelligent manner possible. That is the real secret of the good story-teller—he sticks to his main idea and lets extraneous matters alone.

The Doctor further says:

"Doctor Griffin used to say that he could put the five volumes of a Bible Commentary into one volume, and not lose an idea worth retaining. We believe he could have done it. And so could we. 'Be short. The time is short, the world is very fast now, and readers of newspapers do not want long articles. Pack your thoughts into short words, sentences and short essays. If you never do a great thing, never do a long thing."

"Come to the point. If you have no point, lay down the pen, and do something else, rather than write. It is not every one who can write for education, and you may not be one who can."

This may seem curt and somewhat dogmatic, but, every editor appreciates its force. Not a day passes that good manuscript is not put into the "Morgue" because it tells too much. Writers have to learn that indifference, verbiage, prolixity, tautology, indirectness, indistinctness and mannerism are the seven cardinal sins of authorship.

Again Dr. P. says:

"Be very modest in your estimate of your own productions, and do not fret if others esteem them even less than you do."

Well, this is cruel; but it is capital advice, nevertheless. Old Doctor Abernethy's remark to a young physician was: "You'll kill three or four patients before you begin to cure just because you want to let people know you are a physician;" and so of authors—they must let people know they are authors, by some absurdity, before they get "their hands in" to true work and obtain a modest estimate of their own value.

### DISSATISFIED.

He sat at the window of his country home, and, leaning his head on his hand, he gazes up and down the road, higher and yonder, over the fields and into the meadows, but not one smile of pleasure illumines his countenance; in truth, it wears more of a scowl. What is the reason of all this? He is dissatisfied and discontented—can see no beauties in the lovely foliage—can hear no music in the carolling of the birds, or the murmur of the brooklets. He is tired of the sweet milk, fresh butter, pure and shady walks; he "hates farming," and wants to live in the city, and be a clerk. Well, he eventually has his wish gratified, and we next find him the inmate of a second or third-class boarding-house, where "home comforts" are the exception, but never the rule. His salary is small, and, after his board is paid, there's but little left for luxuries; consequently, he looks upon his superior clerks with feelings of envy, that he can not dress as well as they, and he really pines once more for home and farm life.

But he'll not return to it. He has grown too proud to let his old acquaintances see that he has made a mistake; so he plods along, murmuring and complaining at all the world and the people in it. This person is but a type of the thousand dissatisfied individuals dwelling around us, and who not only make themselves miserable and unhappy, but they make others so, with their continual and incessant murmurings.

They take umbrage at every fancied wrong—they envy those possessed of more wealth—they moan away the hours, and then wonder why they seem so long. When the spring comes, they wish for summer; summer is no sooner here than they complain that the spring has passed; they think they could find more happiness in winter, yet when that season does arrive they murmur more than ever.

They are longing to die and be at rest, but they cling to earth with great tenacity; they ask pardon for their sins, and yet sin all the more. They prate of the pride of noble birth, yet they strive not for a noble name. I verily believe, if they could, they would come out of their graves and hunt around for the sculptor, so as to find some fault with the form or size of their tombstones.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### A Thanksgiving Sermon.

MY HUNGRY FELLOW FRIENDS AND BROTHERLY SISTERS! My text on this foreordained occasion will be found somewhere between the 21st of Genesis and the 18th of December, and contains this sentiment: "Let us all eat heartily, nor care who pays for the turkey." (I have a slight cold; excuse me till I polish my spectacles so I can speak plainer.) First, let us look at the last word in the text (to a good many of you it will be the only chance to look at it to-day) *Turkey*; a very simple word, but full of sage meaning and stuff. Look at it in its several clauses; examine it in all its bearings; stop your neighbor while he is bearing it home. How well does it pay for itself—o-sophistical dissection? How strong does it appeal to all sinners, and how fervently do all sinners appeal for it? Oh, word of mighty import and export! Oh, Turkey! But—"Let us all eat heartily, nor care who pays for the turkey."

(Deacon, please wake up the congregation on the first row.) I would bring the sermon under four heads, but *turkey* is the subject with only one. Observe the word "eat;" what a delicious command!

In the second place, what relation does "eat" sustain to "turkey?" Let us proceed to analyze it. The desideratum of the carbonic hypothesis theorizes the impertinence of the antipodes of the materialistic premises; therefore, to my mind the spontaneity of the transcendental petroleum leads me to arrive at the demonstration in spite of the homogeneous paragon as exemplified in the continuation of the illimitable, and leaves it very plain to all what relation "eat" sustains to "turkey." So much for the second place. Let us proceed.

Poor people who haven't had anything to eat all the year, have the glorious privilege to-day of eating all they can get, and being thankful. If they can't get anything to eat to-day, how much better would it be if they were all dyspeptics, and yet a worldly turkey is within the reach of all. It is very easy to save that reach out of a doctor's bill or your tailor's. And, my friends, there is one thing to which I desire to call your earnest attention. Many of you are in the habit of inviting a very large circle of friends to a very small turkey. This is a

crime for which there can be no atonement. My nervous ganglia and epigastrium received such a severe shock, in this way, that I have been hungry ever since. And, remember another thing: everybody can't be asked to everybody else's dinner. People depend too much on this popular fallacy. Last Thanksgiving Day I called on very urgent business at fourteen different houses, just about dinner time, before I smelt turkey. They had all been depending on invitations out, and hadn't got them. At the last house they had turkey, and, on their using the utmost force, I reluctantly consented to partake. They were all at the table when I entered, and they said: "Brother Whitehorn, how do you do?" I answered that I had a grievous hollowness about the ventricular region, and asked if that was a turkey? "Yes," said they, "won't you sit up and have some?" I couldn't get out of it, although I never like to be forced. "We must all eat hearty, nor care who remunerates for the Thanksgiving poultry."

(I would be very glad if you all would look at me and not at the clock.) My beloved 'ears, let your hearts be filled to-day with nothing but turkey and good will toward all mankind of both sexes. I earnestly entreat you to forgive your relations, who revel in the luxuries of poverty, and set chairs at your tables to-day for as many as you can proper to invite, and let them feast their eyes upon your silver plate; fill up their glasses with the rich juice of the dowering well. Wives, throw a smile to-day across the table at your husbands instead of the usual missiles; husbands, defer your accustomed growls until to-morrow, and let your immortal appetites to-day reduce you all to one common level. Eat hearty, etc.

In a few minutes you will all adjourn to your homes, or to other resorts, where you may or may not have invitations; but let me tell you that there is nothing so beneficial to a wayfarer here below, as the choice, tender parts of a turkey covered with the rich blessings of gravy, and encouraged with mashed potatoes. Eat as much more than you want as you can stand, for turkey is the best food that you ever can have on your conscience.

After the feast is done, remember that there are many poor around you; so, if you have any left, put it away for supper, for cold victuals are just as good for you as for anybody else. Will the deacons pass around with the plates for any little money that may be in the congregation—they are the best dishes which I can sit down to to-day. I will be open to invitations to dinner when we dismiss. I will accept as many of them as is consistent with a man of my standing—and I may say that I can stand a good deal, and let us all eat hearty, nor care who pays for the turkey.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Woman's World.

**The Christmas Tree and Santa Claus.**—Hints for the Saint and his Friends. Mechanical and Radical Hints that buy for Boys and Girls. *Baby's Rubber Toys* versus the Kidder. The season is rapidly approaching when the jingle of Santa Claus' sleigh-bells will ring out on the frosty air, while the stockings, "all in a row," will be ready at many an angle-side, to receive the Christmas gifts which the jolly saint loves to bestow on good children. The Christmas Tree has, in many households, taken the place of the row of stockings; still we believe, or our little ones believe, that good old Santa Claus comes in the middle watch of the Christmas night, to light the candles and hang the presents on the green boughs. Blessed and innocent old legend! Long may you be treasured and believed by our little ones!

A few hints as to the best toys and fancy articles for presents may not be deemed amiss by those who receive and confer with the merry Christmas saint, the friend of the children. He will doubtless listen to their suggestions and purchase according to directions.

It is not always the costliest toys which give the most lasting pleasure, but an economy which verges on parsimony is to be deprecated in the purchase of anything. I should not hesitate a moment between a wax doll for one dollar, and one of those knitted and crocheted wonders for half the price. The waxen baby, if not melted before the fire, would soon be soiled and tarnished, or prove such a dainty trouble to handle and keep in order, it would give more annoyance than pleasure. My little girl could never kiss, and hug, and spank it to her heart's content, as she could the modern substitute for the old-time rag-doll, which you and I used to love so much better than we did the waxen fairy our aunt Kate made so radiant for us in gauze and tangles.

So much for a principle to begin with. To come to details and particulars: mechanical toys, such as walking and talking dolls, and natural singing-birds, and cats and dogs which mew and bark, and walk, and hold up an eye-glass, and turn their heads around, and flourish a cane or flirt a fan, though they may surprise, amuse for a few moments or hours perhaps, can not give the lasting enjoyment of a plaything which instructs while it amuses.

A little printing-press which can be bought for \$2 and upward to \$10, and with which a little boy can take his first lessons in practical type-setting and printing; or a tool-chest with hammer and chisels, and jack-planes and drawing-knives; or a box of building-blocks, will afford your son ten times the pleasure and profit that he would derive from a fortress and soldiers, or a wagon and horses, or a zoological garden and animals, or a full set of military equipments consisting of a gun which will not shoot, a sword that could not do any execution, and epaulets, belts and sashes, which could only make the little fellow look like a mountebank. Magic lanterns are a good investment which can be made to interest and instruct a whole family for an evening, or amuse visitors who drop in after tea. The same can be said of all, or nearly all those ingenious games and puzzles which can be found at all prices in any fancy and toy shop. "Magnet sets" are also very amusing. Pretty sets of these, consisting of magnetized ducks and fishes swimming in a basin, in the center of which a fountain plays, supplied by a reservoir which must be placed on a table or shelf above the basin, with which it is connected by an india-rubber tube, can be found costing from \$2 to \$7 a set.

Little steam engines with attachments to mechanical toys are good investments.

They teach a child in a manner never to be forgotten the principle on which that simple yet complicated piece of machinery is run. The toy steamboats of all sizes, railroad and fire engines run in the same manner with a miniature engine, illustrate the same mechanical principles and are good investments, whose value will outlast the Christmas season.

Little girls have as wide a range as boys from which to choose. Here are whole wardrobes for dolls, and doll-houses with furniture and fixtures. Little kitchens, and ranges, and stoves, and dinner, and tea, and kitchen sets, and brooms, and dustpans, and work-boxes, and fancy baskets, and miniature gardening tools and implements, and parlor croquet, and ring toss, and bagatelle, and games of endless variety and ingenuity. For those who are musical there are little pianos, and organs, and violins, and guitars, and musical-boxes, and albums, and jewelry cases.

A pretty and costly wonder of this description, lately imported from Switzerland, has attracted a great deal of attention at one of our large jewelry stores. A little golden casket, executed with jewels, is placed on the table, and upon touching a concealed spring the small oval lid flies open, and a tiny humming bird springs up, as by magic, from the depths of the box, hops around, turns its little head from side to side, flutters its wings, opens its beak, and warbles a song as varied and sweet as a canary's, while its little throat swells and palpitates with the effort. When the song is finished the bird disappears as magically as it had fluttered forth.

Not many Christmas trees or stockings can be adorned or filled with such a costly *bijou*. It is priced five hundred dollars.

That well spring of joy in the household, "baby," is never forgotten by Santa Claus and his counselors. In these blessed days of rubber toys it is delightful to remember the little ones' needs. The old-fashioned rattle is now made so soft, there is no danger of the little fellow knocking his eye out with it, or giving himself a bruise on the forehead, or a damaged nose. If baby is a girl, Santa Claus finds a rubber doll for her, which cries when she squeezes it, and which she can not tear or render in sunder, even though she should take its head in one of her baby fists, and its feet in the other, and try her infant muscle on it, in the manner I saw her seize the kitten last week by the head and tail, and test her strength against the cohesive attraction and tenacity of its poor, little, tortured body. To rescue pussy from that imminent peril in the deadly breach of that baby's hands suggested the thought that rubber kitties and doggies, as well as dolls, might be good substitutes for living animals, which are sometimes given to mamma's "darlings" to quiet the little pets with a lesson in natural philosophy and natural history.

EMILY VERDERY.

### Short Stories from History.

**Shipwrecked Mariners.**—A small vessel of one hundred and forty tons, commanded by Captain Bayley, with a crew and passengers to the number of forty-one persons, was wrecked on the Roanoke sandbanks, near Virginia, in April, 1710. The boat in which the crew attempted to escape, was staved to pieces before they could quit the ship's side, and they with difficulty regained the deck. Two negroes, who were excellent divers, succeeded in conveying a rope ashore, and making it fast to the stump of a tree; by means of which, seven persons were enabled to escape from the vessel.

For two days they were without provisions, and exposed to a heavy rain, when they obtained from a Virginian planter a couple of pine and a small tub of butter, which the sea had cast up. These they eat with greediness. A puncheon of water was also thrown ashore, which was a great relief. The planter took the party to his habitation, about ten miles distant, and gave them some hung beef, and ground Indian corn mixed with milk. There were only two beds in the house, which the family instantly gave up to the distressed mariners.

After remaining five days with their kind host, they hired a canoe with two sails, and resolved to go up the river to wait on Colonel Carew, the deputy Governor, with whom one of the party was acquainted. After being very well entertained by him, they proceeded to the Governor, who received them most kindly, and hurried the whole party into his dining-room, where a supper and a bowl of punch stood prepared for a number of gentlemen, the guests. But he apologized to them, and said he could not think of any one tasting the supper until the shipwrecked mariners had been satisfied. They soon cleared what was set before them; and then another supper was provided for the whole company, of which the seamen also shared, notwithstanding their previous repast.

The Governor, who was acquainted with Richard Castleman, one of the party, and the owner of the cargo in the vessel that had been lost, offered him his horse, to carry him by land to Kakatan, about one hundred and twenty leagues distant; and also provided as a guide, an honest Quaker, who for a trifling sum agreed to accompany him and bring back the horse. The way lay through unfrequented woods, which the guide traced by marks on the trees. After traveling twenty miles, they arrived at the plantation of a Quaker, to whom the guide said, "Friend, I have brought along with me a shipwrecked gentleman, who is going to Kakatan, and desires a lodging to-night." The host answered, "Friend, come in, thou art welcome." Here Mr. Castleman was well entertained; and in the morning, when he was going to depart, he offered his host some compensation; at which he felt much offended, saying, "My house is no inn, and we see strangers so very seldom, that they are always welcome when they come; and God forbid that I should lessen the store of an unfortunate man like thyself." Similar hospitality was received during the whole journey; and at the house of the guide's father, where they remained four days, when Mr. Castleman was paying the guide the money agreed upon, his father testified much displeasure, declaring that he would disown him for a son, if he took a single penny. Such was the disinterested and compassionate conduct of the people of America to a man in misfortune. Mr. Castleman reached Philadelphia in safety, where he again joined some of his shipwrecked comrades. They embarked in a vessel for England; and after a stormy passage, reached London in the month of November, 1710.

### Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. presented for future columns.—Unusable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used, and their authors are notified by return mail upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unusable to us are well worthy of use if re-written and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings only attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must, for various reasons, decline the following contributions: "Loved Ones at Home;" "Spencer's Bet;" "A Plutonian with a Countess;" "Honors of the Creek of Blaine;" "Deserted in the Wilds;" "The Old Mill Wheel;" "A Woman's Revenge;" "The Prize Essay;" "A Leaf from a Book;" "No Thoroughfare;" "The Rose-garden's Loss;" "Kate of the Lane;" "A Good Horse-thief;" "Peace;" "A Monody;" "Lover's Quarrel;" "A Beaver Village;" "Locked in the Ice;" "Trapper John."

C. G. A note addressed to the *Bazar*, N. Y., will be answered if a stamp is inclosed for such answer.

HENRY. We know of no first-class weekly paper whose subscription price is less than \$2.00 per year. If a single copy of a paper is not worth six cents it is practically worth nothing.

"A GIRL OF SIXTEEN." There is but one way to distinction in authorship, and that is to be original and know much. If, then, you have a happy talent for expression you will find authorship congenial.

R. S. The "Lover's Casket," (Beadle's Dime Series) gives the Language of Flowers, the Language of the Handkerchief, etc., etc.

I. R. D. Merely address Duncan, Sherman & Co., Bankers, New York City.

I. H. K. Jr. Oliver Optic is Wm. T. Adams.

ANNA, Hartford. Will inquire and answer.

H. H. K. The MSS. "Bijou" S. G. W. were received 9th of October and sent to the printer, to be published 1st October 10th. No stamps for return. The same in regard to "Old Mill Wheel," i. e.—no stamps. Authors would do well to send stamps. A visit must be made of trouble if they would obey instructions printed with every issue of our paper.

BILLY C. C. Of what use, pray, is it to ask for your term of apprenticeship, and then to be told that half if three years' experience is necessary to make a good carpenter of you. No; stay your time and your three years will have been well employed, if, at the end of that period, you are a fair workman. Boys, as a rule, are far too impatient in regard to service. A good trade can only be well learned by three or four years' study and practice.

J. W. D. The time required to learn telegraphing varies with the individual. Some learn readily and others always are bunglers. A person of quick apprehension and rapid action is rapidly made an operator. A six months' experience, in good cases, suffices to give a good knowledge of the art, but long experience only will make the rapid and efficient operator.

BEST GORDON. We make no "engagements" of the kind you indicate, and if you have any to offer we will be glad to see it, and if available, will use it. Young writers can not expect engagements when those who are tried and trusted as authors are rarely able to obtain steady employment. Write your best and simply submit it to the various popular papers without a word as to your own estimate of your abilities. "Excuse my gloves" is an unbecoming apology for the glove should not be withdrawn to shake hands.—When your companion bows to a lady, you should do so also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return.—A letter must be answered, unless you wish to intimate to the writer that he or his object is beneath your notice.—A visit must be returned in like manner, even though no intimacy is intended.—A smiling countenance is pleasant, but excess of laughter is not so. A visit must be returned when it is possible for any one to suppose himself derided by it.—Whispering is always offensive, and often for the reason that persons present suspect that they are the subject of it.

BARRY. We know of no process of turning common liquor into good; and if we did we certainly should not publish it. For a biling it, in the liquor traffic is a business indeed. Take our advice and have nothing to do with the evil thing, for evil, evil, evil, is written all over every bottle and barrel of what is called brandy.

CASSA G. There are several books on Entomology which will guide you in your collection. Confer, however, with some good entomologist. Mr. A. J. Fuller is one of the best. Write to him for *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, N. Y. City. Mr. Fuller has a very perfect collection of "bugs," which promises to be one of the best in America.

EDWARD ZANE. There is no complete record of Livingston's travels and discoveries. He has been absent since the summer of 1866 on his present expedition to Central Asia, and he comes back after the world will rejoice, truly.

GARDNER. May is the proper month to transplant bulbs, and bed plants. Flower seeds should then be sown. Never sow flowers and vegetables with a watering pot; it is gentle, and does not break them down.

JOCKEY. If your horses catch cold, bleed them on the neck, taking about a quart of blood, and give warm mashes with a scruple of niter in them. Purge with castor oil or linseed oil, and keep the stable comfortably warm. Do not let your horses get a cold, and if they do, give them a piece of fresh beef. Rosa S. Ladies should not wear veils at night, as it is in very poor taste, and there is really no necessity for so doing.

WASHINGTON. It is very beneficial to wear flannel next to the body, both in winter and summer. It is not uncomfortable in warm weather, as most people imagine. Wearing flannel prevents the constant tendency to catching cold.

COLLEAGUE. We would not recommend Abbott's History of the late Secession War, as the authors are too often used therein. Victor's "History of the Rebellion," is a complete, reliable and elaborate work published on that subject.

YACHTSMAN. For correct information upon all American yachts, both in America and foreign waters, we refer you to "Fox's Yachting Annual."

EVALLID. Water-cure is a good and natural means. Put a large spoonful of oatmeal into a pint of water, and let it boil three or four minutes. Then strain it through a sieve, put in salt according to taste, and if agreeable, add a piece of fresh beef. Stir with a spoon until the butter is melted, and thoroughly mixed.

W. S. G. To prevent the effects of drinking cold water in warm weather, or when the weather is cold, let a small quantity remain in the mouth before swallowing; or, wash the hands and face, and rinse the mouth before drinking. These simple precautions may save serious disorders and perhaps death.

TEMPUS FUGIT. Sound travels at the rate of 1,120 feet per second. To estimate the distance of a thunder-cloud, you must count the number of seconds between the flash and the thunder and multiply by 1,120. By this means the distance of a cannon may also be estimated.

MATTIE WALES. Young ladies should never wear slippers in the streets—it is vulgar in the extreme. Croquet shoes, or walking boots are the best to wear out of doors. Slippers are only for house wear.

KNOWLEDGE SEEKER. The percentage of death-rate of married and unmarried persons is now stated to be as follows: Men from thirty-five to thirty, married, four out of a thousand; men from thirty to thirty-five, married, eleven out of a thousand; men from twenty-five to thirty, married, ten out of a thousand; men from thirty to thirty-five, unmarried, fifteen out of a thousand; men from twenty-five to thirty, unmarried, twenty-two out of a thousand; men from thirty to thirty-five, widows, twenty out of a thousand. Women from twenty-five to thirty, married, nine out of a thousand; women from thirty to thirty-five, married, five out of a thousand; women from twenty-five to thirty, unmarried, nine out of a thousand; women from thirty to thirty-five, unmarried, twenty-five out of a thousand; women from twenty-five to thirty, widows, seventeen out of a thousand; women from thirty to thirty-five, widows, fifteen out of a thousand.

MEDICUS. The pulse of a healthy adult beats about seventy times a minute.

METECROCHUM. You can make a good substitute for meerschaum, such as the cheaper kinds of pipes are made of, by closely following this recipe: Mix one part of casein, or curds of milk, with six parts of calcined magnesia, and one part of oxide of zinc, with a sufficient quantity of water to form a putty mass. When dry, it is extremely hard, and susceptible of receiving a high polish.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



## HAPPY BIRDS!

BY A. P. M., JR.

Caroling, caroling birds of air,  
Spirits of plumage soft and fair,  
Fanning music in leafy keys,  
Merrily into the zephyred breeze—  
Soft as a strain from angelic lyres—  
Yet, with the liquid sighs of love,  
Trembling from that sphere above,  
Rousing the bosom's passioned fires,  
Voices of song from lips of dew,  
Warbles of mirth and endless bliss,  
Melodies sweet in their poised kiss,  
Heralds of day of glided hue;  
Peris of joy,  
So bright and coy,  
Circling beneath the ethered blue:  
Glad is the life that's giv'n to thee,  
Rejoice in perfume in an airy seal!  
Birds of beauty forever free,  
Would that such life was boon'd to me!  
Oh! let those chorusing wild and deep,  
Come to caress my woes to sleep!

## One Way of Keeping House.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It was the handsomest place for miles, everybody said; and since Mrs. Van Courtland had died, six years back, there were any quantity of marriageable young ladies—and marriageable ladies who were not so young—who were perfectly willing to take Mrs. Van Courtland's place.

Mr. Van Courtland was still a young man—only about forty-five or so, and good-looking enough to suit the most fastidious—at least so his son Alf insisted, who himself was one of the handsomest, sauciest fellows far or near.

The two of them and little eight year old Bessie, kept house after a fashion at Arlington Lodge; there were plenty of servants, to be sure, and plenty of money to keep them; but, for all that, there gradually came over the house and furniture a careless, uncared-for look, that never had been seen in Mrs. Van Courtland's days.

So, when father and son had endured a wretched state of things for six years, Mr. Van Courtland suddenly resolved to get a first-class, experienced housekeeper, and advertised accordingly.

"Mamma! I think here is something that will suit us exactly. Shall I read it?"

Jennie Floyd read aloud Mr. Van Courtland's advertisement.

"If you only could get it, mamma! The situation is charming—Orange county, you see, and it must be a gentleman's place—'Arlington Lodge.' Oh, if you only could secure it! Come, mamma, I believe we have a few dollars yet to spare; let us go and see what we can do. The ride will be of benefit, anyhow."

So, the merry, brave-hearted young girl chattered to her pale, mourning-robed mother; insisted on her donning her wraps and finally went for her own.

She was a sweet-looking girl, about seventeen, with a pure, brave face that lifted itself squarely when she talked with one; and that now was all afire with excitement.

"You see, mamma," she went on, in a low, earnest tone, as they went along, "such a place as this offers you as much rest and comfort as it demands work. I will be such a dear old housekeeper, I'm sure, and wear sweet black silk dresses, and white lace caps and a square white shawl over your shoulders. And you'll have a bunch of keys—"

"Jennie! Jennie child, how you run on! You forget, my dear, if all this pleasant picture comes to be a reality, by any possibility, that in exchange I must lose you, my brave, happy girl."

A low, sweet laugh from Jennie.

"Not a bit of it, my little mother! As if I was going to leave you; or have you forsake me! No, indeed! I'll hire out in the house for scullery maid first—if my superior attractions will permit."

Mrs. Floyd smiled in the laughing face, that was so piquant and radiant under the little straw turban.

"Dear—"

But the brakeman's shout forbade the affectionate words; and presently, Jennie and her mother were walking up the grass-bordered road that led, in the distance, to Arlington Lodge.

"There'll be a score before me, in all probability. Hadn't we better go back?"

Mrs. Floyd was getting dispirited; and Jennie found all her wits employed in keeping her mother's face turned toward Arlington Lodge.

"Nonsense, mamma! I've a presentiment that something delightful is going to happen—"

"I beg your pardon, madam."

A strange voice, a gentleman's, interrupted Jennie, and the ladies turned to see that Alf Van Courtland had nearly run them down.

Now, with a bright smile and a second glance toward Jennie's pretty face, he rode on, and into the open gates.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Floyd and Jennie walked into Mr. Van Courtland's library.

Ten minutes later still, thirteen disconsolate women walked out; not wanted.

And Mrs. Floyd was housekeeper at Arlington Lodge; and Miss Jennie governess to little Bessie Van Courtland.

The stars were just coming out, one by one, and the air was touched with a faint, delicious frostiness that sent the fresh color to Jennie Floyd's face, and made her draw her scarlet crepe shawl more closely around her slender, graceful figure. She had worn no hat, and her purple black hair was bound around her shapely head in rich wide braids that shone glossily, even in the starlight.

Slowly she walked down the gravel path; her eyes steadily fixed on the splendid landscape before her.

Twice since she and her mother had come to Arlington Lodge the roses had bloomed—roses of nature that sent out their sweet, spicy fragrance from pink chalice; and now, very, very slowly had roses of new, sweet hopes unfolded in her heart.

And it was—Alf Van Courtland's love for her.

To be sure, he never had told her in so many set words; but Jennie was a true woman, and as such knew what all these little glances, attentions and devotions augured.

Now, as a light, firm footfall came sounding over the gravel, Jennie's cheeks flushed, then Alf Van Courtland called her name.

"Truant Jennie. Why did you run away from the drawing-room, when you knew I would miss you?"

He came up to her and drew her hand through his arm.

"I did not suppose you would miss me,

Mr. Van Courtland. You had several guests."

"But they are stupid, Jennie. I came out on purpose to tell you some news. Good news, too, my—Jennie."

She did not ask him what it was. Somehow a sweet presentiment came over her that he was going to tell her how he loved her.

"There are going to be great changes at the Lodge, Jennie. Have you heard that my father is going to be married?"

"Did he speak coldly? Then my mother will not retain her position longer, I presume?"

"I fear not. And, Jennie, we think of sending Bessie to Vassar College."

She faced him with flashing eyes and compressed lips.

"In other words, Mr. Van Courtland, you followed me to discharge me from your father's service. I would have preferred official notice from Mr. Van Courtland, senior."

While she was speaking he saw how deeply white she was, and then he repressed the hand she had snatched from his arm.

"Spiffing! Won't you let me finish? Shall I give you, verbatim, official word from head-quarters?"

She bowed her head in cold compliance. This then was the sudden ending of her precious dreams; this the return to the cold, dark world from the fairy realm she had inhabited so long.

"He said," and Alf bent a sunny, laughing look on her frigid, pale face, "tell Miss Jennie I ask her congratulations on my engagement to the best woman in the world—Mrs. Janet Floyd."

Alf spoke slowly, and now he was surprised to note the change in Jennie's face, as she reddened, then paled; first opened her lips in mute amazement, and then, with true womanly instinct, wound up by commencing to cry.

"Jennie," he went on, "I hope you will give your consent; or are you crying because we are brother and sister?"

She did not answer, but his words chilled her—only brother and sister!

Then, suddenly, he dropped his gay badinage, and his voice was freighted with gentle tenderness.

Jennie, I want you for something dearer than sister; and we will send Bessie to Vassar so that Bessie's sweet teacher can be my wife. Will she, think you, darling?"

He raised her blissful head and read his answer; he kissed her, and then, in his old, gay way, went on:

"What relation will we be, anyhow, dearest? Will you cipher it out by the double rule of three for me? And then let us go in, to congratulate and be congratulated, because you've promised, haven't you, darling?"

"As if I can help it," she whispered.

## A Musical Prodigy.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

Mrs. Gregory's musical soirees were apt to be rather stupid affairs. Her highly cultivated audiences went with the expectation of being politely bored, the amateur artists participating were sure to be nervous under the fire of critical eyes, but Mrs. Gregory was a host in herself. She rallied her forces, encouraged her supporters, and bid defiance to her guests in a manner which bid defiance to tact and taste, but over-ran with good-nature and the best intentions.

She had come to be regarded as a recognized authority, owing a little to the fact that she never trusted to her own judgment in deciding upon any one's ability, and a good deal to her Fifth Avenue palace and unlimited bank account, which enabled her to gratify her most whimsical fancies. An aspirant for musical honors considered his way to success half won if once approved by Mrs. Gregory's audience.

It was the morning preceding one of these occasions. She was in one of her highest flutters of excitement, for she had secured a new sensation, to be brought out to astonish her little world, and was gratified by the occurrence in proportion to the trouble she had encountered through making the venture.

The family were at breakfast, Mr. Gregory behind his paper and deep in the gold market, his wife volubly lauding the forthcoming prodigy to a six-foot young giant, brown-haired and laughing-eyed, but a model of grace and decorous attention, as he perforated his snowiest of fine damask napkins with a massive silver fork.

An Italian, of course, no one could have such a voice but an Italian, and sure to be a star if he takes to the profession. He gives lessons, I believe, and is horribly poor, these talented people always are, you know, and so handsome. Decidedly the most *distique* feature I have booked for the evening. Do put that fork down, Berthold; you've succeeded in ruining a napkin of my best breakfast set—and tell me if you've been listening to a word. No wonder you're half-civilized, fresh from the wilds of the West, as you are."

Not so uncivilized as to be unheeding, my dear aunt. I was amusing myself by contemplating the chance your prodigy might sustain out in the mines. Here's my self, for instance. Do you remember how, once upon a time, you kept throwing up my ability in that direction, until you fairly drove me off to Montana, lest I might be driven to practicing *do, re, mi*, or playing second fiddle in a third-grade orchestra, as a means of exemplifying my unquestionable talent? Now, if your seely Italian could be driven to emulate me, there might be some hope for him."

Berthold, the idea! I did say, and I maintain yet, that you might have done honor to the family and gained renown for yourself. What is it, Jacobs? Oh, a letter, and by special messenger. Somebody can't come, I suppose; it's almost a blessing, for there'll be such a jam as I don't of hum—ah! why, the signor—Berthold, Mr. Gregory, what shall I do? Signor Tressolini's regrets. He has gone off with a wandering troupe—the ungrateful!—and he thanks me for my recommendations, is sorry to disappoint, and the like; but that won't supply his part in my programme for the evening. I can't replace him on such short notice; catch me recommending or favoring him if I had known this was to be my return. I'll die of mortification, after all the pains I have taken to bring him into notice."

Mrs. Gregory was a picture of blank despair; her husband's paper crackled in his hand, as he grumbled, half inaudibly:

"Always the way with these vagabonds, only what you might expect"—and then was lost again in a fresh column.

"It's too bad," said Berthold, sympathetically. "Tell you what, aunt Evelyn, you shan't be disappointed, if I have to supply his place myself. Why couldn't I?"

And not a thousand miles away another party of three discussed the entertainment offered for the evening. Two ladies and a gentleman, the latter beyond the prime of life, wiry, nervous, and seemingly preoccupied in his own thoughts until a remark from one of the ladies attracted his attention.

"Is it worth while all the exertion of dressing, dragging there and back, and enduring all the stupidity one is sure to encounter? We might better go to the opera at once, or some respectable concert-rooms, rather than endure the ear-splitting inharmonies that fussy, good-natured Mrs. Gregory calls indications of genius in a musical direction. There are musical geniuses, I suppose, but Heaven preserve me from the indications, I say! Just as you think, Minerva. If you can endure all the tiresome accompaniments of the party and the evening, I presume I'll have to—dreadful as it's all sure to be."

So spoke Miss Octavia Hathaway, idling over her bit of pheasant's breast, and using that indolent half-draw which is always more or less an affectation, but which was rather charming than otherwise in this fair beauty, who had become so accustomed to having others consult her pleasure that a more enticing prospect than Mrs. Gregory's musical soiree would have called forth the same sort of deprecation. Her father came out of his apparent absorption before her lady cousin, to whom the remarks were addressed, had time to answer.

"What's that, Octavia, about Gregory? You mentioned his name, I think."

"The name, yes, papa, but nothing about Gregory. Bless you! I wouldn't know him from Adam, I dare say; he's one of those convenient men who find concealment in a corner, gives his wife *carte blanche* in every thing, so she don't drag him out of his retirement. Shows his good sense in that, I say. But Mrs. Gregory has a musical reunion to-night, and we've been favored with invitations. It's such a bore to dress for anything of that sort where one's sure not to meet anybody one cares for, and to stumble across people you'd rather have at the antipodes. I was just considering whether it wouldn't be quite as well to send excuses and try the novelty of one quiet evening at home for variety's sake."

"And thereby miff the Gregoryses! Don't think of it, even for variety's sake. My dear Octavia, it may not be so pleasant as a ball at the Alhambra or a reception at Bettermann's, but Gregory is solid and may be of use to me. Go by all means. The exertion of dressing may be a trial, but console yourself by the reflection that, according to present prospects, it's an affliction you'll not have to endure a great while longer. For your own best welfare, I'd advise that you take up with the first good offer you chance across—you've thrown over a half-dozen already, any one of whom might be of incalculable benefit to me as a son-in-law. I can keep my feet a little while longer by propitiating such men as Gregory, but a final crash seems inevitable. I'm anxious to see you provided for, as it's natural I should be, and it's come to this, that you must either marry rich or live poor. I don't think you would take kindly to poverty, Octavia."

"I don't think I should myself. I used to fancy I would be rather partial to romance in a cottage, but since Minerva there came into an annuity and to us she has pictured the condition of being poor in such unenviable colors that I no longer sigh for thatched-roofed simplicity and all the accompanying restrictions. If I am to be sacrificed I decidedly prefer a golden altar."

"There's Gregory's nephew, they say, just back from the Montana mines," suggested Mr. Hathaway. "Made an independent fortune there for himself, and has expectations besides. You might try your skill on him now."

"Oh papa, from the mines! He's sure to be an untamed bear then."

"Beggars can't always be choosers, you know."

"I don't intend to decide on him until I've taken an impartial survey, and for your sake I'll try to find him endurable. But to contemplate becoming a Gregory! It's a frightful alternative, papa."

Whatever the attendant exertion may have been, Miss Hathaway was more than ever charming in evening toilet under the gasoliers in Mrs. Gregory's drawing-rooms. The first crush, the comparative restraint of decorous attention, the exhibitory exercises over, and Miss Hathaway was being presented to the lion of the evening—which had been a grand success—an oasis in a desert compared with former gatherings, flat and profitless.

"Let me express my gratification, Mr. Tressilian. All the people have been over-whelming you with compliments, and I can do no less than add my meed. But I mean to mingle a drop of gall with the honey of adulation—I'm really disappointed in you. I expected to see a smart, melancholy Italian—what gave me the idea, you were Italian I can't say—so you can imagine my surprise. I'm glad you are American; I'm quite partial to my fellow-countrymen, and you're sure to win all the fame Mrs. Gregory predicted for her *protege* of the evening. By the way, is it impertinent to ask if you mean to make music a profession—go on the stage, or something of that sort, you know? That's the only way to turn such talent to account, I believe."

"I have not yet decided," answered Mr. Tressilian, the faintest suspicion of a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth, and gleaming more perceptibly in his merry eyes. There comes my—ah!—hostess, and some one to claim you, I'm afraid. May I ask the pleasure of a promenade, nevertheless?"

"It's young Mr. Gregory, isn't it? Then yes, decidedly. I told papa he was sure to be a bear, fresh from the mines, you know, and the result proves that I was not mistaken. I'm exceedingly mercenary, Mr. Tressilian, and actually had some thought of laying siege to the tender affections of that Montana gold-hunter, but an hour of his society rather discourages me."

Mr. Tressilian coughed behind his hand, kerchief and whiskered away just in time to avoid their hostess and her speculative, bearish nephew just returned from the Montana mines. It was wonderful how quickly an acquaintance progressed between those two—the petted, poverty-threatened beauty, and Mrs. Gregory's musical prodigy.

"Look at those, Minerva." Miss Octavia Hathaway tossed a couple of notes across

the table into her cousin's lap. One rose-tinted, scented, monogrammed, on a rustling vellum-fine sheet; the other plain, creamy and white. The first in a straggling school-boy hand, poorly spelled and worse in grammatical composition, was from young Mr. Gregory; the other, elegantly written, but containing only a couple of lines, was signed with the name of Berthold Tressilian, and both were proposals for her hand.

"There's no use of asking which will be your choice, I presume," said Minerva, "since it's not a matter of choice but necessity."

"You think it is, then? What would you say, Minerva, if I were to set mercenary considerations at defiance and marry for love after all—love and poverty, I mean?"

"Octavia! I should certainly say you were going mad, but of course you don't mean it."

She did mean it, however, as the events of the evening proved. The two gentlemen called within an hour of each other. Mr. Gregory received his *engage*, and the musical prodigy whose unblushing effrontery had gained him this, became Miss Hathaway's accepted lover.

"I know I'm not at all the kind of wife you need," she said, in sweet humility. "I was educated for ornament, not for practical use, I'm afraid."

"I don't at all object to the ornamental," returned Mr. Tressilian, complacently. "And I know my aunt will be pleased; it's but natural she should have a kindlier feeling for her own nephew than for her husband's, and you were always a favorite with her."

"Your aunt?"

"Mrs. Gregory, you know. By the way, my darling, you speak rather slightly of the mines sometimes. Do you know you touch me on a tender spot there? I really was far enough lost to civilization to make a fortune out there in Montana; so, unless you insist, I shall not make music a profession."

It is needless to say she did not insist. Young Mr. Gregory, who had never been to Montana at all, solaced himself for the loss of Octavia by gaining Minerva, and Mrs. Gregory the elder gives musical soirees to this day, but she has had no prodigy a greater success than her own nephew.

## Madame Durand's Proteges;

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.

## A NIGHT INTERVIEW.

THE lawyer did not return at once to his business office. He took the Fairview House on his way, and was admitted to an interview with the man Drake, who, with his companion, still occupied apartments there. It had been whispered, though, since the arrest of Milly Ross, that these two men were detectives, brought here and put upon the trail of the suspected criminal by madame's executors.

Mr. Thancroft's mind now was full of another work. Heloise Vaughn must be found, and the task of doing it was intrusted to Drake, whose professional acumen and acquired knowledge would be more certain of success than Ware's search, conducted without much system or diligence.

"What's the description?" asked Drake, making note of the dates of the receipts and letter.

"Of the woman?" asked the lawyer, doubtfully.

"Yes."

"I never saw her in my life."

"That's unfortunate. It's so easy to change a name; and you have no idea of her age or condition?"

"Not the slightest. You might learn that at Lyle Ridge."

"There's the danger that I'll get started on different tracks," said Drake. "People's memories are so apt to vary after any considerable lapse of time."

Mr. Thancroft was sanguine, though he foresaw difficulties and delay, in the consummation of the object he had at heart.

His great joy over the concession made by Valere and Mirabel could not be quite self-contained, and so it came to the ears of Lucian Ware during the day—the news of the betrothal of these two whom madam had been so desirous to have joined together.

An agony of mortified rage and despair filled his soul.

He had not imagined that any step would be taken, any definite understanding reached until the expiration of a number of months to come. He had thought to forestall Valere, and to force Mirabel's responsive love by the sheer impetuosity of his own passion.

"She shall be mine—mine, if all the world stand between!" came the willful cry of his desperate heart.

There were thoughts surging through his soul that day—a bitter, resentful flood—that would not have borne the light of exposition, and which threatened the clear horizon of the devoted lovers' hopes.

For once he was thankful for the accumulated tasks which fell to his share. The necessity which obliged him to concentrate his mind upon the mechanical performance of these enabled him to overcome the first uprising of fiendish passion that tempted him to break the bonds of restraint he so rigidly imposed upon himself.

With the evening, and his release from duty, he sought his own apartments, to fall into a deep, moody reverie, objectless, yet leading him gradually on to the verge of dark contemplations.

In the midst of his abstraction there came a rap at his door, timid at first, but repeated with impatient sharpness. He composed his features, and after a slight delay, opened to the summons.

There, shrinking in the shadow, stood Fay St. Orme, quite alone. She advanced into the room, shivering, although the night was warm. A large dark cloak shrouded her form, but her glittering yellow hair was uncovered and damp with dew. A fever of unrest and excitement was pulsing through her veins, staining her lips and cheeks with vivid crimson, and gleaming in fitful flames in her unnaturally bright eyes.

Ware placed a seat for her, but himself remained standing.

"To what am I indebted for such an honor, Miss St. Orme?" he asked, coldly.

Fay locked her hands nervously together, with a half-hysterical sob.

"Oh, Lucian, Lucian! you will kill me with your cruelty. Oh, for my very life's sake, don't speak so coldly now!"

He comprehended the pitch of high excitement to which she was wrought, and crossing the room to a little sideboard, poured some wine from an open bottle which stood there, and brought it to her. She drank it, and with an effort subdued her rising agitation.

"Control yourself, Fay; and tell me what brings you here at this late hour, and unattended? Why did you not send for me instead?"

"I only learned to-night of your return. Have you not heard?—they say the madame was really poisoned, and they have arrested Ross."

"Good God!" cried Lucian, starting back in horror.

It was his first intimation of the occurrence. He had not been away from the office during the day, and Mr. Thancroft was too much occupied with his discovery of the morning and subsequent interests to reflect that Ware was ignorant of the fact. North was not apt to refer to it.

"It is true. Oh, Lucian, you never set her to do the deed?"

"You should know better than that. You should know who is responsible for madame's death."

"Not I, as Heaven hears me! You believe me now, Lucian?"

He was forced to do so, witnessing her passionate appeal and her unmasked depths of terror for him.

"Then it must be all a mistake," said he, with a relieved sigh. "Whatever led them to suspect, I wonder?"

"Madame's foreboding, perhaps, and they found the vial of poison upon Ross. I know you must have bribed her to get possession of it. Are we not all in danger, Lucian?"

"Certainly not, if it be as you say—as I believe now. It will be readily proved that madame died a natural death, and though the appearance of the vial may seem suspicious, it can count as nothing. Assure yourself: there can be no absolute danger."

His confidence inspired Fay with a sense of security, and she controlled herself to give him a succinct account of every thing relating to the arrest. He passed it over lightly, unaffected by the meek devotion of the waiting-maid who had refused to implicate his name in an effort to clear herself; and with little sympathy for her present discomfort since he assured himself it could amount to nothing more serious.

"But they are going to hold an inquest," cried Fay, shudderingly. "Why can't they let madame rest in her grave? The thought of it all has given me the horrors for a week."

Lucian ground his teeth with sudden rage. "I hope to heaven she may find no rest beyond it," he cried, sibilantly.

He turned away and walked the apartment excitedly twice or thrice, then paused again.

"What is this I hear?" he asked, in strained, cold tones; "this in regard to Valere and—Miss Durand?"

It was not without a struggle that he could link her name with that of his rival, but he forced himself to do so calmly.

There was a gleam of triumphant light in Fay's eyes, but she too repressed her intense feeling on this subject, so vitally but differently interesting to them all.

"They have acknowledged the engagement which was expected of them. That, and declare their intention of making some absurd sacrifices. I can denounce their folly, though I am to gain by it. I shall be thirty thousand dollars the richer, Lucian."

If she had entertained any hope of winning him back to her side with that, she was disappointed—at least for the time.

He was rigid and white as a statue of marble, and his eyes grown pale with steely scintillations. Fay shrunk back appalled before the concentrated white-heat of passion.

For the space of a moment, which seemed an age, he stood so. Then he turned to her with the color creeping back to his face, and a smile that had neither warmth nor sincerity forced to his lips.

"Let me see you back to the manse, Miss St. Orme."

Silently she gathered her cloak about her and went with him out into the night.

He left her at the gate with a simply uttered "good-night!" and Fay St. Orme threw herself down on the dew-damp earth, clutching her hands in the close-avenued turf, choking down her passion to a kind of low, muttered sobbing. This love of hers had awakened depths in Fay St. Orme's nature, and stirred up degrees of bitterness which made her truly a subject of pity.

A step, by her unheeded, passed over the turf, and a woman's figure stooped over her in the starlight, bent low, and touched her with cold, passive fingers.

"Get up; you'll take your death of cold here," said a voice—the voice of the woman whom Lucian Ware had met in the wood. And Fay lifted herself, dragged with dew, quivering with her suppressed emotion, drooping and miserable under the pale gleam of the stars.

"I want to know what is doing at the manse," said the woman. "I feel trouble in the air and pressing on my heart. Was that Lucian I heard passing in the wood?"

"He has just gone."

"I knew his step, but I did not stop him. I have done him no good, and I've threatened him with harm; it must



"Did he bribe you to frighten me?" she asked, with angry scorn. "Does Lucian think to blind me to his object so easily?—does he think to persuade me by such poor strategy to aid him in winning my rival? I would sooner see Lucian Ware dead than see him wedded to Mirabel, whom I hate because he loves her."

"If she marries the other one it will be death to Lucian," said the woman, in hollow, awe-stricken, earnest tones; and then, without another word, she turned to speed away swift and silent as a flitting shadow.

"It was done to frighten me," said Fay to herself. "Surely it could be nothing more."

But a chill of apprehensive dread ran over her frame.

## CHAPTER XX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO VALERE?

VALERE did not go upon his journey on the following day, as he had proposed. There was a solemn duty to be performed at the manse which there was now no reason to delay. There had been some hanging back on the part of Dr. Gaines, who was not prepared to declare his convictions, but now he announced himself ready with his testimony.

The lead coffin in its shell of ebony was lifted from its niche in the family vault, and borne up into one of the deserted rooms of the old tower. The corer and a jury of twelve men, selected from the most intelligent class of the country about, held an inquest on the body of Madame Durand.

The object of the long private consultation upon the day of the funeral was now brought to light. There had been a *post mortem* examination, but the results were so obscure and unsatisfactory that it had not been deemed expedient then to place the matter before the public. The professor had declared that Madame's death was caused by poison, but of what nature he could not determine until he should bring chemical analysis to bear in developing the traces left, and substantiating his expressed belief.

He returned to the inquest fully prepared to demonstrate what had been little more than surmise before. Doctor Gaines had been studying closely into both the direct and remote operations and results of the subtle poisons, and his researches led him to indorse the statements of the professor.

The coffin was opened, and by nature of the tests applied, and comparisons made with former analysis, the physicians proved beyond a doubt that Madame had died of a mineral poison.

But the current opinion that it was the liquid contained in the little vial found upon the person of Ross at the time of her arrest, was exploded by the professor's testimony, corroborated by that of the country physician.

It contained a poison, subtle and deadly in its effects, and the gold tube was an ingenious contrivance by means of which it could be measured out in the minutest quantities, but it had not been administered to Madame Durand.

The liquid in the vial would, cause death if taken alone, or disguised in any preparation of food or drink; death would result, if it was injected directly into the blood; but there were evidences to show that Madame's death had resulted from a poison absorbed through the pores of the cuticle.

The professor had observed on the occasion of that first examination, some minute crystallized spangles on the bottom of a small china basin which had been handed him for use. He had put it aside and subsequently ascertained that this basin had been used to contain the liniment prescribed for Madame's paralyzed limbs. He had carefully secured the crystallized atoms, and also the liniment which remained in the bottle. The latter he had found free of any deleterious ingredient, but the crystals were deadly poison.

The servants and members of the household were afterward separately examined, and the testimony was all calculated to throw dark suspicion upon poor Ross.

Mr. Thancroft, under oath, related the fact that he had been found eavesdropping upon the day he had drawn up Madame's will, and that she had fallen into disgrace with her mistress, for that fault. Jean stated that the maid had threatened Madame's life in her hearing. All certified to the fact that Madame had banished her from immediate attendance, and it was proved that in defiance of this mandate Ross had answered the bell and waited upon her mistress shortly before the latter was found dead.

The evidence was all taken, and the verdict of the jury returned. It was: "That Madame Durand had come to her death on the twenty-third day of June, 1869, through the agency of a subtle and powerful poison, administered by the hand of Mildred Ross."

And Milly Ross was remanded to prison to be brought to trial by due course of law.

Madame's remains were reinterred to the vault beneath the tree, and the solemn assembly scattered from the place.

It had been a painful ordeal for the household at the manse; but the necessary duty was performed and the ordinary avocations taken up again.

On the morning following, Valere breakfasted alone just as the rosy glows of sunrise shone across the pale azure of the skies. Most faithfully was he adhering to the letter of that condition requiring the fulfillment of all duties pertaining to his office.

The ordinary household were just getting astray as he passed out through the hall, taking his hat and gloves from the rack. Briggs was opening the rooms, and Jean was at hand with broom and duster. He passed them with a pleasant word, and paused a moment in the little court where the dew was hanging in heavy drops from leaves and blossoms, and the sweet moist fragrance went out in welcoming to the early sunrises.

He glanced up at the windows of Mirabel's room, hoping for a glimpse of her, though scarcely expecting that she had yet arisen; he had made his adieu to the trio of ladies on the preceding evening, and later claimed a few private words with Mirabel.

"Only for three days," he had said, smilingly. "Such a little time, and I am dreading it as though I should not know this dear presence again for weeks."

And it was you who would have gone out to wrench fame and wealth from the world, without so much as an assurance to shorten the time. Did you expect to win fickle fortune in an hour?"

"Is it unreasonable?" smiled Valere. "Certainty is so much dearer than hope."

Then their leave-taking, and they had parted.

Now, as he glanced upward, he saw an

open shutter, and a little hanging-basket of heliotrope in the window gently swayed by the morning breeze, but no sight of Mirabel.

Even as he paused there, a light step passed the piazza, a soft rustle of sweeping robes, and she stood beside him with the sweet, fair face so tenderly wistful, that he could scarcely resist his passionate desire to clasp her to his heart in a close, fond embrace. He held her hand, and stooped until his bronzed cheek brushed her hair.

"Parting sweets," said he, with the glad surprise of seeing her mirrored in his eyes. "You have thrown a rosy glow over my day-path, darling. You look almost sad, my queen Mirabel."

"I must be that all the sorrowful details of yesterday's revolution are weighing upon me, though it seems like some undefined apprehension of a dread to come. I wish you were not going, Erne."

"What a precious flaw to find in my jewel. I thought you were perfect, Mirabel, and this little touch of superstitious foreboding tells me that you will miss one little link from the joys of the time."

"Don't linger," she said. "It is time you were on your way?"

"Yes, sweet; my horse is waiting at the gates, but it is hard to tear myself away."

She snatched up into his face and slipping her hand within his arm, walked with him down through the twisting walks. There at the gates they parted, she with dewy, uplifted eyes; he with the proud thrill of rightful claim upon this peerless creature, and yearning tenderness too deep for words. A silent, scarcely demonstrative, but soulful parting.

An unseen spectator from the shadows of the neighboring trees, ground his teeth in silent rage, and flashed a glance of mortal hatred after the unsuspecting steward of the great estates.

Lucian Ware, unable to gain sleep or rest, had left his chambers at the village with the first peep of dawn. The unhappy promptings of his unreciprocated love led him up the mountain-side, where, at least, he might feel his proximity to Mirabel. And now the selfish depths of his soul were stirred anew as he read afloat the mutual, unwavering heart-trust of that simple parting.

He saw Mirabel turn back to the manse, with a wild desire to leap the boundaries, and bear her bodily away from the protecting love of the rival who had superseded him. But, without, he never moved, nor let drop one word of the bitter tumult of thoughts which raged in his mind.

The three days went by, and Mirabel nervously waited Erne's return. The dinner-hour came and passed, and the lights from the manse shone out through the purpling shadows of the brooding night. Miss Gaines napped in a great chair in the corner, and Fay—for lack of better employment—was stringing a treble strand of pink coral beads, although she could not wear them with her mourning attire.

Miss Durand turned her back upon the room and its unheeding inmates, to watch the stars come out one by one and chase the blending shadows with their pale gleams. A whippoorwill in the wood sounded its mournful plaint, and insects in the shrubbery chirped incessantly. Presently she swung back the casement and stepped out into the pleasant night.

It was vain to resist that influence which drew her on down through the grounds to the gates where she had parted from him. With her dress gathered up from contact with the grassy borders, and all the nervous anxiety which possessed her applied to the one sense of listening for the faintest sound to herald his approach, she waited.

A human step broke the stillness, and a soft sigh of disappointment wafted over her lips. She turned away, hesitated, and stood still as she recognized the step.

It was North who came in through the gate, and paused at seeing her.

"Miss Durand?" he asked, half in doubt. "It is I, North," she answered, with quick compassion stirring, for, even in that dim light, she could see how dejected and heart-sore he had grown. "How is poor Milly?"

"To-day, Miss?" She's taking it badly; too quiet and subdued to bear up. I think, Oh, Miss Mirabel! she never is guilty of that terrible crime—if you only would believe it."

"I feel sure of it, North. I was with her when we found the Madame that night, and there was no guilt struggling with her great real grief. I don't know what to think—I am in a maze of perplexity and dismay. But I can not believe that Ross is in any way implicated, though they bring such dark suspicions to bear against her."

"Oh, bless you for so much as that," he cried, chokingly. "You're the first one of them all that hasn't turned against her. It puts heart into me to hope there'll be some way out of the trouble."

"There must be. Surely—surely, the innocent will not be permitted to suffer. Hark! what is that?"

"I hear nothing."

She held up her hand warningly, and bent forward her head to listen. For a moment the stillness of the night was broken only by the shrill chirp of insects, and then she distinguished the sound again before North's duller sense had caught it.

"A horse's hoofs thundering up the mountain-side. The break-neck pace of a reckless rider; can it be Mr. Valere?"

"I never knew him to ride like that," said the clerk, apprehensively. "It's not safe up this rocky way; it's not him, or—"

He broke off the sentence to throw the gate wide, and draw Mirabel from the track. He suspected what she did not say yet.

Shivering, she stood there, and nearer came the thunderous hoofs. They wavered aside, then sprang forward again; and the horse passed them like a flash.

A riderless horse, with rolling, fiery eyes, and foaming nostrils—that much they could see.

Mirabel stood still and mute, while one throes of fearful anguish convulsed her being. Then, with the calmness born of desperate necessity, she dropped her hand upon her companion's arm.

"Come with me, we must find him!"

North would have remonstrated, but she gave him no opportunity. She sped over the rugged road, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, and taxing the utmost effort of the clerk to keep pace with her.

On at that mad rate for more than a mile. And then, with a sharp cry, Mirabel sprang ahead to fall by the side of a dark, motionless heap, in the dusty road.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

To be above dishonor is infinitely better than to be above want.

## Zephyr Lutesford's Theft.

BY MRS. BELLE WILSON STAPPE.

"Oh, Zephyr, please do, now won't you? Just write to him this one time anyhow." And Olive Weston looked up into her cousin's face with a look of earnest entreaty in her blue eyes.

"No, Olive, I couldn't think for a moment of entering upon a correspondence with a perfect stranger; it would be doing myself just what I condemn in others." And Zephyr Lutesford turned resolutely away from the pretty *papier-mache* writing-desk, that came gliding across the table toward her from under her cousin's hand.

"Pshaw! Zephyr," said Olive, impatiently, "this would be nothing like corresponding with a stranger, and you ought to know it. I suppose you would place this upon the same footing that you would replying to one of those horrid solicitations for correspondence that we sometimes see in the newspapers. It's a different thing, altogether," she continued, convincingly; "we all know Brent Sheridan—he was at Mr. Fred's room, after all, and he's all right, isn't he?"

"Well, you know that afternoon, last week, that you went out shopping with mamma, you left the spicy little dissertation that you had written for Charlie's society paper lying here on the table for me to deliver when he should come in. But he came, as usual, all in a flutter, asked me if I knew Brent Sheridan's address, threw a letter on the stand begging me to put it in an envelope and direct it to the aforesaid gentleman, and was gone before I had time to think of any thing. I directed the envelope as he requested, and he was announced just then, and in my hurry, I inclosed in it your manuscript instead of brother Charlie's letter, which I gathered up with other papers and thrust into my desk, before going to the parlor. It seems that Mr. Sheridan was so wonderfully struck with the style, spirit and diction of your effusion, which he received two days later, that he flew to Fred, in a high state of excitement, to try and obtain some information in regard to the fair authoress. Of course, Fred recognized at once your handwriting, but merely told him that you were a cousin, now visiting me, refusing even to disclose your name without your permission; whereupon Mr. Sheridan dashed off this glowing, respectful epistle found inclosed in Fred's letter to yourself. So now, Zephyr, please do write to him, just to gratify me. You know you can use a *nom de plume* and he need never know who you are until you meet at my wedding next fall, when you will be the first bridesmaid, and he first groomsmen."

Her cousin picked up, and re-read the letter in question. There was something in the manly, earnest tone breathed forth in the four brief pages, that appealed strangely to the refined, fastidious nature of this beautiful, brown-eyed, red-lipped Zephyr Lutesford, and, as Olive had said, it would not be at all like writing to a stranger—a man of whom she knew nothing—so after a moment more of hesitation, she seized the writing pen and wrote a hurried response, signed with her own name, and leaving the gentleman at liberty to write again.

This was the commencement of a correspondence that continued throughout the whole long summer, and the opening of a new life to the man as well as to the girl. Although no word or phrase betraying aught of more than friendly regard of one for the other ever crept into the letters of either, they were none the less lovers in thought and feeling.

With the coming of the first June roses, Zephyr's visit to her cousin Olive had expired, and she had gone from the throbbing heart of the great city, and the daily whirl of fashion and elegance, back to her quiet, far-away country home, and Brent Sheridan's letters had followed there, bringing with them a glow and brightness that swept all monotony from her somewhat lonely life, and carried a joyous thrill of inspiration into the performance of many such dark, tedious tasks, while to him her letters had gone like pure, sweet breezes wafted from the distant hills where lay her home, and oftentimes lifted him into a higher, fresher atmosphere far above the smoke and stir of the busy world around him.

So the time passed on until at last the golden autumn came, and, with the first chill winds of November, Zephyr's summons to officiate as bridesmaid at Olive Weston's wedding.

She was to go two weeks before the time. The morning for her departure had arrived; her great trunk stood strapped and waiting in the hall below, while she herself, attired in a traveling suit of some soft gray material, lingered for a moment before the mirror in her own apartment, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that a thrill of girlish pride swept through her heart as she gazed upon the faultlessly beautiful face and figure therein reflected; and she turned away with a warm flush on her cheek, questioning the while if she should satisfy Brent and Sheridan's fancy when the time for their first meeting arrived. Her father went with her to L—, the nearest town, and saw her safely aboard the train which would reach—city the same day at noon, where she would find the Weston carriage waiting her at the depot.

There was a delay of half an hour at L— for breakfast, and after her father left her the young girl glanced hastily around upon the few passengers remaining within the car where she was seated. There were only three persons besides herself; a fine-looking, neatly dressed old lady in gold-bound spectacles, who occupied the third seat back of her, and two elderly gentlemen sitting some distance in front, quietly looking over the morning papers.

As she settled comfortably back at last to await the starting of the train, her eyes chanced to rest upon a gentleman's traveling case lying in the corner of the seat directly in front of her.

It was a neat little affair of Russian leather, and the name "Fred H. Weston," in small gilt letters, started conspicuously from the side exposed to Zephyr's gaze.

So cousin Fred was on the train! How delightful that he should chance to be going home on this day of all others! This was her first thought—her second, prompted by the spirit of mischief itself, was that it would be very funny to hide the traveling-case, then rail herself closely and enjoy for a little while her cousin Fred's perplexity when he should return to the car and miss the article in question.

It was but the work of a moment to lean forward and lift it over, wrap it carefully in the folds of her waterproof cloak, and place it on the vacant half of the seat she occupied.

She had hardly time to conceal her face in the ample folds of her heavy brown veil, when the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced that breakfast time was over, and the passengers came hurrying on board. The train had already been in motion some little time when a tall, handsome young man who had seated and carefully attended to the wants of a lady he had seen into the car, came sauntering slowly down toward Zephyr, and entering the seat in front of her threw his light overcoat directly over the spot from which Fred Weston's traveling-case had so lately been removed, then sat quietly down and was soon busily engaged in looking over the contents of an Eclectic Magazine he carried in his hand.

All the time Zephyr had been watching for her cousin Fred, but as he still did not make his appearance she wisely concluded that he was loitering in the gentlemen's car to smoke, or else that he had been left at the village where he had stopped for breakfast. In the latter case she congratulated herself upon having taken his property, which might otherwise have been misplaced or lost, into her keeping. So after awhile she threw back her veil, scanned for a moment the tall, erect figure in front of her taking in the fine cut of the clearly-defined profile and the beauty of the brown-bronze curls visible below his traveling-cap, then, with the vague, unacknowledged wish that her hero—Brent Sheridan—might be in appearance something like this Apollo, she commenced cutting the leaves of the last new Harper and was soon absorbed in reading.

The cars swept rapidly on, the hours flew by, until Zephyr Lutesford, looking at her watch, discovered that it lacked only an hour of the time when she would reach—city. No cousin Fred had yet appeared; no incident, adventure, or accident of any kind occurred to disturb or interrupt the quiet of her long ride. She was beginning to feel tired of sitting there so lonely and still, and gave a half-weary little sigh just as the gentleman before her, who had scarcely seemed to change his position since he first sat down, rose, to his feet, gathered up his overcoat, looked beneath it, then down on the floor as if searching for something, glanced into the adjoining seats, and was about to turn away with a perplexed expression, when suddenly Zephyr, who was curiously viewing his proceedings through the medium of the mirror at the end of the car, into which she was silently gazing, saw the old lady in the gold-bound spectacles lean forward, look into the young man's face, and heard her say: "Step this way, sir, a moment, if you please."

His blue eyes rested for an instant on the beautiful, half-inquiring face of the girl as he passed her to go to the old lady, who said a few words to him in an excited undertone, and then Zephyr, still looking into the mirror, saw him turn his head toward her, and, after regarding her very intently, heard him exclaim in a low, deep voice: "Impossible! I think there must be some mistake, madam."

She did not hear the reply, but there were a few low-spoken words on both sides before the gentleman came back to where she was seated, and, bending towards her, said, in a tone slightly authoritative, yet sufficiently respectful: "I beg your pardon, Miss, but I have lost something that I thought I placed this morning in the seat I have occupied to-day. I may have been mistaken, however, and, now, will you be kind enough to allow me to look where you are sitting and see if I laid the article there?"

"Certainly, sir," said Zephyr, with a half-haughty intonation of surprise in her voice, for there was something in the young man's manner, coupled with the penetrating gaze that searched her face, that annoyed her inexplicably.

She hastily arose, taking up the waterproof cloak with her cousin Fred's traveling-case still wrapped in its folds, and quietly appropriated to her use a vacant seat on the opposite side of the car.

A glance satisfied the gentleman that nothing remained in the place she had left it. As he stood hesitating and apparently at a loss what to do next, the old lady again called him to her side and seemed to insist upon some mode of procedure to which he was evidently much opposed. But at last he turned irresolutely toward Zephyr, and, with a visible air of embarrassment, as though he shrunk from the discharge of a painful duty, said: "I trust you will pardon me any annoyance I may cause you, but, ridiculous as it seems, the lady to whom I have just been speaking insists that you have my missing property concealed in the cloak lying beside you. Will you permit me, by shaking it loose, to convince her that she is mistaken?"

Zephyr looked up into his face with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes, but before she had sufficiently recovered from her indignant surprise and resentment to make him any reply, the old lady in the gold-bound spectacles, who had silently approached the scene of action, made a sudden swoop downward, seized the cloak, and hastened to drag the traveling case to view and triumphantly hand it to the gentleman, with the question: "Am I right or not?"

"Yes," he replied, sorrowfully; "but I could never have believed—"

"Yes, and you ought to have this pretty piece of innocence arrested on the spot!" chimed in the old lady, with an annihilating glance at Zephyr, who had risen to her feet and now stood looking in a half-bewildered manner from one to the other, and striving in vain to drive the stinging sensation from her throat, that she might speak.

"That case belongs to my cousin," she did manage to articulate, at last.

"Pray don't—pray don't!" interrupted the young man, in a pitting voice, and with a pained expression in his clear eyes; "the matter shall be kept perfectly quiet, so far as I am concerned."

This was too much for Zephyr. She became conscious, too, just then, that other passengers who were near enough to get an inkling of what was going on, were leveling curious glances at her face, and she sunk

back into her seat, giving vent to her outraged feelings in a burst of tears, just as the train steamed into the depot at—city.

In another moment, Olive Weston and her brother Charlie came rushing in, and made at once for the group in the center of the car.

"Mrs. Carlyle," said Olive, kissing the old lady, cordially; "Mr. Sheridan," extending her hand to that gentleman; "and Zephyr Lutesford, crying, as I live!" she exclaimed, making a plunge at Zephyr, who sobbed more uncontrollably than ever, as Olive, throwing her arms about her, kissed again and again her wet cheeks.

For heaven's sake, Miss Olive, what does this mean?" ejaculated Brent Sheridan, at last.

"Simply that we have both made fools of ourselves," responded Mrs. Carlyle, "and convicted Olive's cousin, Zephyr Lutesford, of open robbery. For my part, I heartily beg the young lady's pardon," she added; "but there's no time for explanations or apologies here."

"No, indeed," said Olive, quickly, with a glance of commiseration at Brent Sheridan's horror-stricken face.

"Mr. Sheridan, you will show my cousin, Miss Lutesford, to the carriage, while Charlie and I take charge of Mrs. Carlyle."

"Can you ever, ever forgive me?" said the young man, as he bent over to offer his arm to the little gray-robed figure.

A low laugh floated out from under the brown veil, for Zephyr was just then struck with a sudden sense of the ludicrousness of the whole affair.

"It is all so ridiculous," she murmured, as she laid her little gloved hand on his arm.

They were all soon safely seated in the carriage, and then ensued an explanation and reconciliation highly satisfactory to all parties.

Mr. Sheridan told how Fred Weston had that morning consigned the traveling-case (which, by the way, contained a handsome set of pearls for the bride-elect) to his charge, to deliver to Olive; of how he had carelessly left it lying in his seat when he left the train for breakfast; Zephyr related how she had innocently concealed it for the purpose of teasing her cousin; and then Mrs. Carlyle, who proved to be an aunt to Olive's lover, gave a graphic account of Zephyr's stealthy performance of this feat, and of how she had determined to keep her eye on the girl and inform against her when the proper time should come, and of how steadily she had adhered to this resolution.

She dwelt at some length upon Mr. Sheridan's pertinacious refusal to believe in Zephyr's guilt, and his woebegone expression when she at last convinced him that the girl really was a thief.

Then the whole affair wound up in a general laugh.

Not many weeks passed before Brent Sheridan again accused Zephyr Lutesford of theft, but this time he made no effort to recover the lost property, but merely demanded an equivalent, in the shape of her pure young heart, while Zephyr blushing protested:

"Exchange is no robbery!"

## Apple-Blossoms.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A SILVER stream sang a summer song through the green grass of the old orchard, and one crooked russet tree leaned its gray trunk down to the edge of the brook; where sometimes the golden and ruby globes dropped into the water, and went dancin' away over the waves beyond pursuit.

But there were no golden globes now—only waving wreaths and sprays of fresh green leaves, and clusters of pearly bloom, whose pink hearts blushed at their own loveliness.

And underneath sat a weird-eyed, dark-tressed child, whose dimpled shoulders should have worn wings that she might fly with the wild-birds of the woodland. For surely none but a wildwood song-bird ever poured forth such a flood of excessive melody as flowed from the child's scarlet lips and trembled in the entranced air.

Philip Carew, coming listlessly up the long, hot, yellow road, heard the song and sought the singer. And then he paused, leaning over the low rails of the rustic fence, watching and listening.

Presently the child saw him, and abruptly stopped her song.

"Warble away, wild-bird," he said, with a frank smile and a friendly tone. "Don't let me frighten you. May I rest awhile in your cool orchard?"

"Yes, sir," was the grave answer.

Carew leaped the low fence and flung himself down in the grass beside the little girl.

"Well, you are not afraid of me?" he said, pleasantly.

"No, sir." In the same grave tone, the dark, bright eyes, fearlessly reading his face.

"Then sing again, wild-bird."

"I am not a wild-bird, sir."

"No?" "I thought you were, you sung like one. You must be a flower, then. Yes, you are an apple-blossom," touching the wreath with which the child had decked her head. "Who taught you to sing, little Apple-blossom?"

"Nobody. I always knew," answered the child, smiling at the quaint name.

"Well, will you sing for me?"

"Yes, sir, if you will, tell me who you are."

"I? Oh, I'm a bookworm."

"A bookworm, a scribbler, a dabbler in little bottles. Can you read, Apple-blossom?"

"I hope so," with a little contemptuous accent.

"Well, you read books, and I write 'em. You understand that?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Can you sing, too?"

"Not much. But I play the violin, sometimes."

"Do you? Oh, do bring your violin out here and play for me!"

"Perhaps I will. Who knows? See here, little Apple-blossom, do you live in the cottage yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't like the hotel over there in the village, and I want to rest and write out here in the country awhile. Don't you think we could persuade your good mother to take me in for a few weeks?"

"I don't know, sir. You had better go up and ask her."

"A sensible idea! But sing for me first." The child's mouth flew open as readily as



BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
93 William street, New York.



## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

A hundred years ago, John,  
We couldn't run a bit,  
And now we are not slow, John,  
We just sit up and git.  
Things is not as they used to were,  
For all is changed you know.  
Since when we were two infant boys,  
A hundred years ago.

We have some hair upon our heads;  
We didn't have much then;  
We chew tobacco like the rest,  
And think that we are men.  
We hardly thought we'd live as long,  
And never cease to grow,  
When we sat on G. W.'s lap,  
A hundred years ago.

We do our day's work at the plow,  
Which then we couldn't do;  
We swing a very vigorous ax,  
When we chop or hew;  
We fire a thousand young men out  
In looking of our row,  
And none would think that we were boys  
A hundred years ago.

We never had a doctor, John,  
We never caught the measles, John,  
The mumps we did not take,  
Three undertakers long have died  
Who yearned to box us so,  
But we are hearty as we were  
A hundred years ago.

We never wore a pair of spec's,  
Nor stopped our liquor, John,  
We take our drinks quite regular,  
And yet we still live on.  
And printers have this paragraph—  
"There are but two we know  
Now living, who were little boys,  
A hundred years ago."

But sure we feel as lively, John,  
As any one can feel;  
At twenty, and we dance as well  
In any jig or reel.  
And when we take the swinging scythe,  
There is no one can show  
Such speed as we, who once were boys,  
A hundred years ago.

We've only just begun to be  
In manhood's action prime,  
And up the ladder of our life  
We've just begun to climb.  
The future's all before us, John,  
We've scarce begun to grow,  
It isn't half a century since  
A hundred years ago.

Only a hundred years ago!  
The editors, I'm told,  
Are telling to the world at large  
That we are getting old.  
They say we've lived to twice our years,  
They can't see why or how—  
I wonder what they'll say of us  
A hundred years from now!

Walraven's Wooing:  
OR,  
THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"You will do any thing for this hand, Warren?"

"Any thing, Edna. Tell me that it shall be mine, if I follow your maid and throttle her; and see how soon there will be a pallid face and a brace of staring eyes in this house."

The speaker spoke passionately, and pressed the snowy hand which had dropped into his.

"I do not desire the throttling of my maid," said the beautiful woman, with a smile. "God forbid that I should hate Marcie, who has been so kind to me. But I do hate—"

She suddenly paused, withdrew her hand to clench it, and looked with eyes aglow with hatred into her companion's face.

"Whom do you hate, Edna?"

"A man who must be hurled from my sight, and you have just declared that you would do any thing for my hand."

"And I repeat that declaration," said the man, Warren Walraven.

"Then, through you I strike the man I hate!" she cried, with a flash of triumph in her dark eyes. "When you have hurled that man from my path this hand becomes yours."

The man caught up the dimpled member with an eagerness that wreathed the beauty's lips with smiles, and she permitted him to cover it with kisses.

"For this snowy hand I will remove forever from your sight the man you hate," he cried, looking into her face. "Now breathe his name."

"Rodney Chalfant."

"No, not Rodney Chalfant!" cried Walraven, almost starting from the chair. "You can not hate him, girl—Edna."

"I do hate him as the jungle tigress hates the dark-skinned robber of her whelps," and the speaker rose and stood over her lover with clenched hands and grating teeth. "I have uttered the right name. He must die! But why do you start, Warren? Is he more to you than any other man?"

"He is," said Walraven. "When we were boys we played together, as I may have told you ere this hour, and one day he saved my life. Should I not love him, and do I not owe him a life?"

"I care not if you owe him a thousand lives!" cried the angry woman, as she towered above the man who gazed up at her with a pale face. "He has crossed my path, how or when does not matter to you, Warren, and through him I will make a trial of your love."

"No, no, Edna, do not ask me to kill him—the preserver of my life!"

"Then henceforward we are strangers," said the woman, changing her tone, and throwing her glance to the richly curtained window.

"I thought you loved me, Warren Walraven, and I did not know that you could forget your words so easily. I must hunt another champion now."

An instant later the handsome man was at her side, and his arm stole gently around her slender waist.

"Forgive me, Edna," he said, softly. "For this hand I will do any thing, heaven help me!"

She turned upon him quickly.

"Then you will—"

"I will kill him!"

The words were clothed in determined bitterness, and proclaimed how passionately he adored the vengeful seraph at his side.

"Hist! not so loud, Warren," she whispered, touching her coral lips. "Marcie might hear thee, and she is his niece. Now you are my champion; now I know that you love me. Here, Warren, is the prize I offer for your work," and she slipped her hand into his palm. "Now, let the viper that has stung me be thrown from my path this night."

"It shall be done! For your hand, girl, I would, were it possible, descend to Pluto's infernal abode and unchain his Cerberian sentinel. Rodney Chalfant, I hate you because you are the enemy of the angel I love. I have forgotten the past, and to-night I

shall drain the cup of oblivion concerning the future. Farewell, Edna."

She allowed him to draw her lips to his, and a moment later Edna Forrester was alone.

Now she would be revenged on the man whom she had failed to draw to her side by her imperious beauty, and Cleopatra's wiles. He would not become her Antony, and for this, with all the bitterness of a scorned woman's heart, she hated him. And when she saw a fair young girl—a golden-haired lass, as pure as beautiful—receive the token of true love from Rodney Chalfant, her hatred grew fiercer, and she swore that he should die. Then she sought her Antony, nor sought him long.

Warren Walraven was willing to fall before her with protestations of love, and to him, with vengeance-brooding heart, she listened. She seemed to forget the suspicions which the people of that mountain-locked Pennsylvania town attached to his name; she wanted him for a purpose, and at last that purpose was on the eve of accomplishment.

When Walraven left her presence she stepped to the richly carved piano, and her tapering fingers swept the keys in the liveliest waltzes she had played for many a long day.

And while she played she could not but think of the infatuated man who had sold his happiness for the hand of a haughty woman who did not love him!

The night that followed fast upon Edna Forrester's pledge was dark and tempestuous. With the going down of the sun the storm-king left his throne, and at the hour of ten the elemental battle still raged. Now and then there was a lull in the conflict, and when at last the rain ceased, the gleaming lightning revealed two men standing upon the very edge of a precipice, gazing, not upon the muddy torrent that roared far beneath them, but into each other's faces.

They were men in the springtime of life, and strikingly handsome; but in the eyes of one the light of murder gleamed, and his hands were clenched at his side while he spoke.

"I'll tell you why I brought you here,

By his side stood the wild and half-naked figure of a boy, and before the apparition could vanish, Walraven had clutched the bony arm.

"Curse you, Wild Tom!" he cried. "You've seen too much! You've dogged my steps before, and I'll rid these mountains of their crazy ghost. Now go and follow the dog I have just sent to his everlasting kennel."

The wild youth laughed maniacally as the murderer hurled him from the cliff, and, as Walraven rushed from the scene of his crime, that dying exclamation—for such it seemed to him—rang in his ears like a prophecy concerning that dark night's work.

"To-morrow night I reap my reward, and then I leave these ghostly rocks which have swarmed with phantoms since that stormy night. Yes, when the clock strikes ten to-morrow night, I become the possessor of Edna Forrester's hand, and when the Avalanche sails from New York, she will bear two happy souls to the shadeless land of Italy. Ah, I have not toiled in vain! and to-night I dismiss my band."

Thus spoke Warren Walraven one night—near a fortnight subsequent to the thrilling scenes just described—as he hurried down a gloomy defile among the mountains, not a great distance from Edna Forrester's home. He had doffed the fashionable clothes which he wore among the townspeople, and was clad in a suit of common gray. And the handsome beard which covered his face in society had entirely disappeared.

Suddenly he heard the sound of flying footsteps, and darted into a cave with a low cry of fear.

"Who can it be?" he whispered, and he fastened his eyes upon the moonlight that streamed into the cavern.

"I would—Merciful God!" and he shrunk back with a startling cry as a frightful apparition flitted before his eyes.

"The dead lives! the crazy dead!" and, scarcely comprehending his own actions, he rushed wildly from the cave in the wake of the phantom.

That ghost was clad in the rags of Wild Tom, and he saw it flying before him.

light-chestnut hair, queenly form, and such a voice and laugh as would set even a serious man, one of the heavy-weights, to dancing away like an elephant.

Captain Barker fell in love with her, and married her before his vessel was ready to sail. She was to leave her uncle and go with her husband to America, which was to be her future residence.

To facilitate his passage home, the captain resolved to ship five or six more men. White seamen were scarce in Calcutta, at that time, so he took up with six dark-skinned fellows—three Malays and three Lascars, who, though they understood English imperfectly, his practiced eye told him were good sailors. The rest of his crew, composed of ten men, were Americans. After getting under way, Captain Barker noticed that the newly-shipped men had little to say to the whites.

An old sailor came aft one day and told the captain that he thought he could recognize in one of the Malays—a tall, dark-looking fellow, with frowning brow and small, fierce eyes, the chief of a pirate proa, which, several years before, had attacked a merchant vessel, aboard which he was then fourth-mate.

"Are you sure?" inquired the captain.

"No," answered old Bill, "I'm not sure, sir, but then, on 'other hand, his finger-head is mighty like that shark's."

"What was his name?"

"Captain Tinkettle, sir."

"An odd name, Bill. This man's name is Bukaloo."

Bill looked puzzled, and said no more, although it struck him that the fellow might purposely have given a false name.

To slander a shipmate, however, was against Bill's principles, and so, as he might be mistaken, he went forward without another word.

Occasionally when walking his quarter-deck, from day to day, Barker noticed that the islanders stood in a knot by themselves, conversing in low tones. As this, however, was a common practice with islanders, it failed to excite the captain's suspicion.

One day the vessel was running along before a good breeze.

The men, with the exception of the man

Toward the boom he glanced, but he was too late. One of the Lascars below crawled out upon it, and there sat astraddle, knife in hand, thus cutting off his retreat in this direction.

The other Malay, who had followed Bukaloo aloft, had also posted himself—was hanging upon the main-topmast stay.

The captain was a brave man, but he shuddered at the gloomy aspect.

The two Lascars below had climbed up, and were creeping toward him, along the main-topmast yard, knife in hand, so that, unarmed as he was, he believed he could only escape the deadly blows of the mutineers by dropping into the sea, and suffering a lingering death.

He glanced quickly round him. No sail was in sight—he would not be picked up—he must give up that idea of going overboard.

Nearer drew the Lascars every moment, their frowning brows, gleaming eyes, and upraised knives showing their deadly purpose—that when they struck they would strike home.

They were already within two feet of the captain, when, in one brief instant, a sudden thought flashed on his mind.

Hemmed in as he was, there was yet one means of escape left him—a perilous one—but which he resolved to risk, under the circumstances. Hauling taut the studding-sail halliard rope, of which he still retained the hold, he prepared to do what few men would have attempted—to swing himself by the top-gallant studding-sail halliards from the main to the fore-topmast yard—that is to say, from the mast near the stern to the mast forward. The peril of such an undertaking may be understood, when it is stated that the rope was an old one—the strands having given way in many places—and that it was for this reason it had just been unrove, to give place to a new one.

Moreover, should it even prove strong enough to carry the weight of the captain to the opposite yard, yet the chances were many that the man's velocity would be so swift that he would be unable to catch the yard with his feet, and, if carried beyond it, he was sure the rope, from chafing against the top-gallant yard above, would break!

Still he resolved to run the risk; so, just as the foremost Lascar was about dealing the fatal blow, he let himself fly clear of the yard!

Like a shot he was borne toward the fore-topmast yard opposite. He endeavored to stay his course, but he was carried too high above the yard, so that only his feet touched it!

He prepared himself for his fate, as he was carried beyond the yard. The strands creaked ominously—then as the return oscillation took place, there was a loud snap, and the rope broke just as his feet touched the top of the yard!

Away he went, but, with a seaman's instinct, closing his knees, and throwing out his hands, down he came, on "all fours," safely, though violently "landing" on top of the yard.

Quick as lightning he darted inboard, and descending to the deck by means of the stay, he unfastened the forecascle scuttle, shouting, "Ahoy, men! up to the rescue!"

The ten Americans, having, when the hatches were fastened over them, suspected mutiny, had armed themselves with axes, crowbars, hatchets, etc., taken from the tool-chest below, so that they at once came up, prepared for conflict.

But the overawed islanders showed no resistance. They came down, and at once surrendered themselves. The captain then released from the companionway his wife, who was glad enough to see him safe and well.

When questioned, under the muzzle of a pistol, Bukaloo said he had intended, after killing the captain, to get the guns out of the cabin, shoot all the white men, make Mrs. Barker his wife and slave, and take possession of the brig. When asked if his name was not an assumed one, he confessed it was, his real one being Tinkettle, which Bill, as we have seen, had shortened into Tinkettle.

A few months later the vessel arrived home, when the mutineers were dealt with according to law.

Since then Barker has met with many very narrow escapes, but none have proved so trying and hazardous as did that perilous swing for life.

## Beat Time's Notes.

MY NEW ARITHMETIC.

If seven days make one week, how many days will it take to make one strong?

If four quarters make one hundred-weight, how many hundred will wait for sixteen quarters?

If twelve dozen make one gross, how many dozen will make one grocer?

If forty square rods make one rood, how many rods will make one mile?

If sixteen drams make one ounce, how many drams will make one dram?

Twenty-four cats, with or without mustaches, minus sixteen tails, equals how many?

If four and a half men eat five and three-quarters dishes of ice-cream in twenty minutes, how long will it take them to pay for them, provided they tell them they'll settle when they call again?

A boy's uncle gave him six cents, his aunt gave him five, and his father gave him an awful licking. Add these up.

How many quarts of vinegar, at ten cents a quart, will it take to go in a sieve, provided you have plenty of leisure?

In a family were ten children. One-half of them knew nothing and the other half didn't. How many of each?

If two cabbages are worth ten cents a dozen when flour is three feet high, how many molasses, at four cents a yard, will it take to buy ten pints of calico, provided ten cents are worth a dime and it don't rain and there is no bad luck?

A man bought a horse for one hundred dollars and sold another fellow to him for sixty dollars: please gainsay what his gain was again.

What are a dozen eggs worth that are bad and nothing else the matter with them?

What is the rule for finding the contents of a spherical triangular parallelogram?

How many handfuls of cast-iron stoves at twenty cents a peck can be purchased with a pocketful of straw-cutters at twelve cents for a dozen?

What will you take to lend me fifty dollars for a year?

How many bushels of figs does it take to make a good figure?

If one man saw two cords of wood in one day, how many can he see in ten days?



WALRAVEN'S WOOING.

Rodney," he said, looking steadily at his companion. "It was because I had something important to say, and you know I might have listeners in the town. Curse those town folk! They say that I head the band of thieves who burrow in those mountains. Do you believe it, boy?"

"I am going to speak plainly, Warren," said Rodney Chalfant, calmly, "and I am going to speak, I trust, for your good. I have been abroad when people thought me in my bed at home, and, his voice dropped to a whisper, and he stepped nearer to the playmate of his childhood, "and, Warren, I have seen you among the rocks with bad men, at the dead hour of night."

Walraven listened, with a nervous twitching of his pale lips, until his companion paused, and then he hissed forth:

"Rodney Chalfant, I admit all this!" and the next instant he darted upon his friend, and hurled him to the ground. "You know too much, curse your prying heart! I am the Bandit of the Blue Ridge, and I tell it boldly now, because you are never going to peach. I loved you once, but I hate you now, and, by the God of my being! I'm going to give you a watery grave. They say that the dead sleep in the water as sweetly as they do in the earth, and you shall test the assertion to-night. But tell me, first, why you ever crossed Edna Forrester's path?"

"I never did," answered Rodney. "Does she hate me?"

"Hate is not the word," said Warren Walraven, and then, gritting his white teeth, he rose to his feet, holding the doomed man above his head.

Rodney Chalfant's lips were sealed as tightly as his murderer's; he did not plead for mercy, for he could not realize the dreadful fact that Walraven intended to kill him.

"Now, over you go!" hissed the avowed bandit, a minute later, as a flash of lightning illumined the still inky sky. "I'm not doing all of this for myself; there's a woman in the case!"

"A woman!" echoed the doomed man, in tones of mingled horror and mystery.

"Warren Walraven—"

The last word was drowned by an oath from the bandit's lips, and suddenly stepping nearer the edge of the precipice, he hurled his burden far from his maddened grasp!

Then he knelt in the darkness and bent over the cliff, in a listening attitude. He thought he heard a splash in the deep water a hundred and eighty feet below, and with a triumphant smile, he turned away.

"Now for the fairest hand in Christendom!" he murmured audibly, when a voice at his side caused him to turn with an illy-smothered shriek of terror.

## A Swing for Life.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

My friend, Captain Henry Barker, is a fine specimen of the American seaman. With great force of character he combines an almost feminine gentleness of deportment, which might deceive those who imagine that a rough, boorish manner implies firmness and courage.

He is handsome, brave, as active as a panther, and can pull on a rope and climb the rigging better than any man I ever saw.

Years ago he was in command of a trading brig—the Dolphin—aboard which he ran down to Calcutta, where he fell in with Dolly Vile—daughter of a deceased English captain, and now living with her uncle.

To perpetrate a vile pun, Dolly Vile was not vile at all. She was a noble-hearted girl—a beautiful creature, with brown eyes,

at the helm, a Malay, were all down in the hold, overhauling some ropes, and the captain was aloft at the main-topmast yard, whither he had repaired to throw the end of the fore-top-gallant studding-sail halliards clear of the fore-topmast brace, with which they had got foul while being unrove.

The studding-sail boom was at this time hauled in and lashed to the fore-top-gallant yard, so that it will be understood the end of the captain now held in his hand was directly opposite the other end of the rope, which was fast to the middle of the studding-sail boom forward, the rope thus slanting down from the fore-top-gallant yard forward to the main-topmast yard aft.

The captain was about throwing the end clear of the brace, when he noticed that it needed "worming"—that is, that the end, having begun to unravel, required some turns of tarred twine around it—to keep it firm.

Having twine and needle with him, the captain sat astraddle of the yard, and was busily at work, when, suddenly, he heard a smothered shriek beneath him.

Turning, and glancing down, he beheld two of the dusky Lascars thrusting his wife, who had come up from the cabin, into the companionway. This they immediately closed and secured.

At the same moment he heard a noise forward, and beheld the two-Malays in that direction fastening the hatch over the main hold, and the scuttle over the forecascle.

"Hold, there—what are you doing?" cried the captain, sternly, suspicion of foul play at once forcing itself on his mind.

A yell of derision was the response; then the Lascars commenced ascending the main rigging toward Barker, who noticed that the three were armed with daggers!

What could he do?

He glanced aloft at the main-top-gallant yard, thinking that, could he reach this point, he might contrive, for awhile at least, to keep his assailants at bay.

Ere, however, he could mount, he beheld the tall, lithe figure of dusky Bukaloo, who seemed to have anticipated his design, gliding between earth and sky—running along the main-topmast stay with the celerity of a wildcat, his white teeth visible, in a diabolical grin, his snake eyes agleam—a long dagger, with a crooked handle, hanging in his belt!

He was already half-way toward the main-top-mast, which he gained in a moment, and, ascending, hung directly over the captain, his dagger now tightly clenched.

Not quite "cornered" yet, the captain benthought him of the spanker boom, creeping along which he might contrive to descend to the deck.